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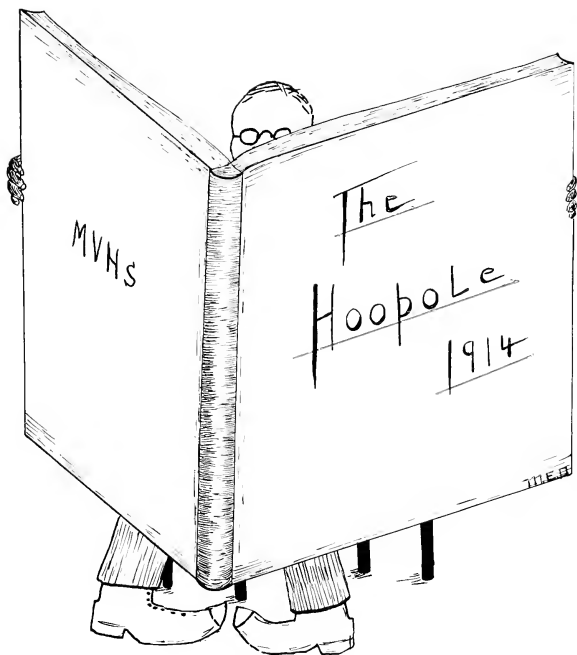
The Hoop pole

THE HOOP POLE



INDIANA COLLECTION





To our friend, Supt. E. J. Llewelyn, this number of The Hoop-Pole is gratefully dedicated by the Class of Nineteen Hundred Fourteen.

Allen County Public Library
900 Webster Street
PO Box 2270
Fort Wayne, IN 46801-2270



E. J. LLEWELYN, A. M., Superintendent City Public Schools.

QUALIFICATIONS.

A. B. Degree, Earlham College,
1907.

A. M. Degree, Indiana University,
1910.

Graduate Student, Columbia University.

State Professional License.

State Life License.

County Institute Instructor.
Public Speaker.

EXPERIENCE.

District School, one year.

Grades, two years.

Superintendent Schools, Fishers,
Ind., 1898-1901.

Superintendent Schools, Arcadia,
Ind., 1901-1905.

Superintendent Schools, Sheridan,
Ind., 1905-1911.

Professor of Education, Earlham
College, Summer Term 1907.

Superintendent City Schools, Mt.
Vernon, Ind., from July 1, 1911.

Instructor, County Institute, since
1910.

CONTENTS.

	Page.
Frontispiece	3
Dedication	4
Board of Education	6
Faculty	7
High School Building	11
Superintendent's Office	12
Editorial	13
Editorial Staff	14
Business Staff	15
Seniors	16
Class History	29
Class Prophecy	32
Class Will	36
Class Poem	38
Class Song	39
Class Play	40
Address of the Class President	44
Class of 1915	45
Class of 1916	46
Class of 1917	47
Literary	49
The Haunted House	49
The Jap and the Diamond	53
Dick Crawford	57
Defeat of the Hindu's Wit	59
Manual Training	62
Cooking	63
Sewing	64
Commercial Room	65
Science Room	66
Music and Art.	68
Drawing Room	68
Glee Club	69
Orchestra	71
Debating	72
Elocution	76
Oratory	77
Discussion	78
Athletics	79
Indoor Track	81
Big Six	82
Basket Ball	84
Alumni	85
Jokes	98
Advertisements	98

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CHAS. T. JOHNSON, President



HERMAN ROSENBAUM, Secretary.



REV. PAUL PRESS, Treasurer.

Board of Education



S. E. SHIDELER, Principal,
History and Civics.

EXPERIENCE.

Taught in District and Grade Schools, eight years.

Principal of Ward City School for several years.

Teacher in Mount Vernon High School, five years.

County Superintendent of Posey County since Feb 16, 1914.

QUALIFICATIONS.

Private Normal School, two years.
Graduate, Indiana State Normal School, 1908.

Student Chicago University, Summer Quarter, 1912 and 1913.

Elected County Superintendent of Posey County, Feb. 10, 1914.

He is a friend of boys and girls, and will make an excellent County Superintendent.

QUALIFICATIONS.

B. S. Degree, Valparaiso University, 1905.

Ped. B. Degree, Valparaiso University, 1907.

A. B. Degree, Indiana University, 1909. (Philosophy)

A. M. Degree, Indiana University, 1912. (Education.)

Assistant to Dr. Carl H. Eigenmann on exploring expedition to British Guiana, 1908.

EXPERIENCE.

District Teacher, two years.

Teacher in Township High Schools, three years.

Superintendent of Schools, Bremen, Indiana, two years, 1909-1911.

Teaching Fellow, School of Education, Indiana University, two years, 1911-1913.

Member of Summer School Faculty, School of Education, Indiana University, 1912.

Principal of High School, Mount Vernon, Indiana, since September, 1912.



G. EDWARD BEHRENS, Science.

FACULTY



MARY E. SMITH,
English and Public Speaking.

EXPERIENCE.

Teacher in Grade Schools, two years.

Head of Commercial Department, High School, four years.

QUALIFICATIONS.

Michigan State Normal, three terms.

Graduate, Teachers' Course, Ann Arbor Shorthand School, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

QUALIFICATIONS.

Graduate, Indiana State Normal School, 1909.

Student, Indiana University, Summer Session, 1910.

Student, Chicago University, Summer Quarter, 1913.

EXPERIENCE.

Teacher in District Schools, Grade Schools, Junior High School, and Senior High School.



LYDIA M. WALL,
Commercial Branches.

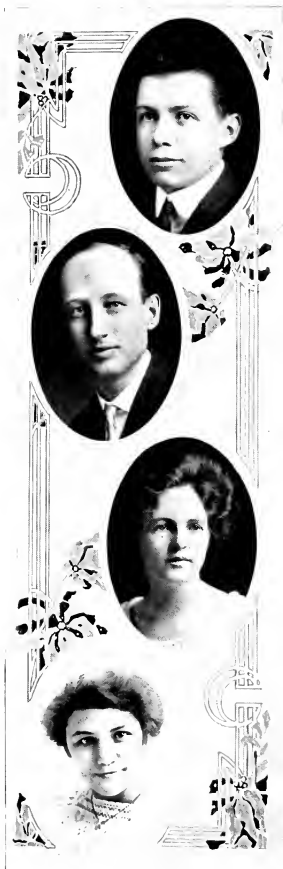


CHESTER E. SANDEFUR,
Mathematics,
A. B. Franklin College, '11.

HORTENSE VIRGINIA HALE,
Latin,
A. B. DePauw University, '13.

CAROLINE I. HIRSCHY,
German,
A. B. "Cum magna laude" Indiana University, '13.

DORA PRENZEL,
Household Arts and English,
Student Indiana State Normal
School.
Student Chicago University,
Summer Quarter, '13.

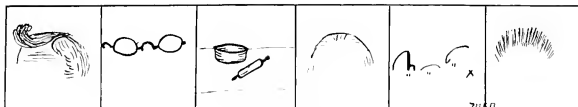


HARRY H. CALVERT,
Manual Training and Mathematics.
A. B. DePauw University, '13.

LOUIS B. STINNETT,
Science.
Student Indiana University.

MAY DORSEY,
Music and Drawing.
Graduate Southern Illinois State
Normal School, Carbondale, Illi-
nois, '09.
Graduate Indianapolis Conser-
vatory of Music, '13.

NELLIE E. BLUE,
Office Clerk and General Assistant
Graduate Commercial Course,
'11.



Exit Faculty





THE GREEN CARPET.

EDITORIAL.

In the preparation of this volume we, the editors, have not had an easy task. But now that our work is over and after our best efforts have been expended, we feel that we can be proud of our production.

It has been our endeavor to faithfully portray the life of the school—the life in school, and the outside activities. Although our work may not be entirely pleasing to all, we are sure that the majority of our readers will sustain us in our effort.

We wish to thank all who have helped us in any way—the members of our class and especially those who are not as vitally interested—the underclassmen. We wish also to extend our most grateful thanks to Miss Smith and Mr. Llewelyn for their untiring efforts in our behalf.

In conclusion, we think we can safely say that we have reached a high mark of perfection. We leave to the next year's class the task of setting a higher mark if possible.



EDITORIAL STAFF.

Thayne S. Williams	Editor-in-Chief
Richard Miller	Literary
Walter O'Neal	Athletic
Aleen Calvert	Household Arts
Ruth Hall	Typist
Lloyd Sugg	Oratory and Debating
Elwood Burlison	Manual Training
Wilhelmina Jeffries	Music
Eugene Fuhrer	Discussion
Fred Welborn	Jokes
Louise Dexheimer	Alumni
Mary Wilsey	Reading

There's several other things that are just as important as being able to pick out a purty necktie.



BUSINESS STAFF.

Van W. WhitingBusiness Manager

Assistants.

Lucille Hardwick

Edith Highman

Mary Kreie

Cullen Sugg.

SENIORS



1914

CLASS OFFICERS.

President	Marcus Alldredge
Secretary	Mary Kreie
Treasurer	Leah Suddoth
Class Motto—To-night we set sail, where shall we anchor.	
Class Colors—Emerald Green and White.	
Class Flowers—Pearl Rose.	



MARCUS ALDRELGE

"Mark."

Class Pre ident, Debating.

"For rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a
trope."

RUBY ALLYN,

"Nothing endures but personal
qualities."

GRACE BARTER,

"Gracie."

"Not much talk,—a great,
sweet silence."

ALICE BEHRICK

"Don't you remember sweet
Alice, Ben Bolt."



ELWOOD BURLISON.

Hoop-pole Staff.

"I profess not talkin; only this,
Let each one do his best "

ALEEN CALVERT,

Hoop-pole Staff, Glee Club.

"Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are."

IVAN CARSON,

"Tub."

Debating.

"The applause of listening sen-
ates to command."

LELIA CORDREY,

Glee Club.

"With modest dignity and calm
content."



CARLENA COWEN,
Glee Club.

"Charm strikes the sight, but
merit wins the soul."

LOUISE DEXHEIMER,
Hoop-pole Staff, Glee Club.

"For she is just the quiet kind
Whose nature never varies."

WILLIAM EDSON,
"Rat Biscuit."

"For he by geometric scale
Could take the size of pots of ale,
And wily tell what hour o' th'
day
The clock does strike by Algebra."

EUGENE FUHRER,
"Deacon."

Hoop-pole Staff, Debating, Orches-
tra.

"Like a peach that's got the yel-
lows,
With the meanness bustin' out."



RUTH HALL,

Hoop-pole Staff, Class Play, Glee Club.

"You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue."

LUCILE HARDWICK,

"Sadie."

Class Play, Hoop-pole Staff.

"The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she."

ALBERT HERMAN,

Basket Ball, Track.

"On their own merits, modest men are dumb"

EDITH HIGHMAN,

"Edu."

Hoop-pole Staff, Class Day, Glee Club.

"A lovely being, scarcely formed or moulded,
A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded.



WILHELMINA JEFFRIES,
"Mina."

Hoop-pole Staff, Glee Club.
"What statue is she of?
Just as high as my heart."

HAROLD JOHNSON,
Football, '12, Track.

"I grew up in the field, and a
man like me troubles himself lit-
tle about a million men."

LESLIE JOHNSON,
Track.

" 'Tis good when a man loves
the land."

MARY KREIE,
Class Secretary, Hoop-pole Staff,
Glee Club.

"Not stepping o'er the bounds
of modesty."



RICHARD LAMB,

"Sheepy."

"I never knew so young a body
with so old a head."

FIELDON McFADDEN,

"Puffy."

Football, '12.

"My life is one dem'd horrid
grind."

THOMAS MEISSNER,

"Tom."

" 'Tis no shame to be bad, be-
cause 'tis so common."

CLIFFORD MERCHANTHOUSE,

"Rip."

Football, '11, '12.

"It is good to lengthen to the
last a sunny mood."



RICHARD MILLER,

"Dick."

Hoop-pole Staff, Debating.

"I am not in the roll of common men"

WALTER O'NEAL,

Hoop-pole Staff, Basketball,
Track.

"Rugged strength and radiant
beauty—

These were one in Nature's plan;
Humble toil and heavenward
duty—

These will form the perfect man.

NELL REESE,

"Eyes too expressive to be blue,
Too lovely to be grey.

OSCAR RIES,

Debating.

"He has a head which statu-
aries love to copy."



JOHN ROBISON,

"Johnny."

"I will not budge for any man's
pleasure, I."

HELEN ROWE,

Glee Club.

"A child of our grandmother
Eve."

NORMA SAILER.

"Buxom, blithe and debonair,"

MINNIE SANDER.

"She moves a goddess, and she
looks a queen."



JESSIE SCHIERBAUM.

"The devil hath not, in all his quiver's choice, an arrow for the heart like a sweet voice."

LEAH SUDDOTH,
"Suddy."

Class Treasurer, Class Play, Orchestra, Glee Club.

"Untwisting all the chains that tie the hidden soul of harmony."

CULLEN SUGG.
"Culley."

Hoop-pole Staff.

"I have immortal longings in me."

LLOYD SUGG,
"Doc."

Hoop-pole Staff, Class Play, Debating.

"A girl is only a girl, but a good cigar is a smoke."



SYBIL SWINERTON,

"Sibby."

"Her virtue and the conscience of
her worth,
That would be wooed, and not un-
sought be won."

Cecil Thomas.

"Gentle of speech, beneficent
of mind."

Lola Tischendorf,

Glee Club.

"Her eyes as Stars of twilight
fair,
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky
hair."

Fred Welborn,

Hoop-pole Staff.

"A worthy gentleman, exceed-
ingly well read."



LEONA WELBORN,

"Lonie."

Glee Club.

"Blest with plain reason, and
with sober sense."

VAN W. WHITING,

"Burrhead."

Business Manager of Hoop-pole,
Class Play, Football, '10, '11.

"Conscience has no more to do
with gallantry than it has with
politics."

GRACE WILLIAMS.

"Mistress of herself, though
China fall."

THAYNE SMITH WILLIAMS,

"Babe."

Editor-in-Chief of Hoop-pole,
Class Play, Basketball,
Track.

"No torment is so bad as love."



MARY WILSEY.

Hoop-pole Staff, Class Play, Reader at Big Six, '13, Glee Club.

"She hath prosperous art
When she will play with reason
and discourse,
And well she can persuade."

JOHN WINGO.

"The gods are just, and of our
pleasant vices make instruments
to plague us."

CHARLES ZERGIEBEL,

"Chalky."

"Men of few words are the best
men."

ALBERT ZUSPANH,

"Zabbie."

"I never found the limit of my
capacity for work."

CLASS HISTORY.

Introduction.

THE CASTLE OF LEARNING.—Now Tim the Terrible was baron of the Castle of Learning in the year 1910. He had also been baron since 1904, but 1910 was a momentous date. Tim had, ever since his accession to the title, been assaulted every six months by a horde of barbarians from the north. After some time he had become accustomed to this, and laid traps for each succeeding horde of invaders. He left his castle open and seemingly unguarded, but, when the army was safe within the walls, it would be assaulted, beaten down, and given over to the most terrible punishments. Tim had changed his great courtroom into a vast hall where all the captives could be assembled and given a tongue-lashing. His mighty warriors when the strife was over, were turned over to officers of the Inquisition who meted out punishment in the various state-rooms.

PREPARATION FOR THE BATTLE.—For six months now the castle had been moving on peacefully. But Tim was crafty and made his preparations well before hand and so was ready for the invasion of 1910.

CHAPTER 1.

THE WAR OF 1910.—In the year 1910 there assailed the Castle of Learning, an army of barbarians, some seventy strong. The van guard attacked in January, and the main army in September. Since this was the largest single army which had ever invaded his little province, Tim was taxed to the utmost to subdue the barbarians. After a struggle lasting altogether about two weeks, the savages were finally subdued. The castle then threw off its warlike appearance, turned into a prison, and the Inquisition was set to work. Now in addition to the castle's some parts of the baronial estate were still intact. In one section of these lands, football was indulged in and two of the members, i. e., "BURHEAD" and Hinkley gained great fame and honor there. Just at this time also an unruly captive, named "RATBISCUIT" was sent here from Terre Haute to be looked after. And "Rat" began to show his ability to govern the 'hard grained' muses of the cube and square. Thus passed the first year of imprisonment away.

CHAPTER 2.

MONTIE THE MIGHTY.—Now in the year 1911, Baron Tim fell heir to other estates, for to the north, and Montie the Mighty succeeded to his titles. It was well that so strong a leader was secured, for the invading armies of the hereafter were both brave and mighty. Montie also changed his little garrison so that they were well-nigh impregnable. Now Montie was set upon subduing the captives, so he arranged for a field meet—where all the brave knights and squires could show their athletic ability—with five other great baronages. This was called the Big Six. In conjunction therewith were oratorical contests and the glory and honor secured thereby were sufficient to subdue all unruly captives. Another form of Inquisition was also put into force—debating. In this trial, a person was forced to say intelligible sentences with the view of proving an argument, while his knees knocked together, and his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth because of the jeering crowd. "Tubby" the great won many laurels in this pursuit. "Burhead" and Hinkley were again the heroes of foot-

ball.

THE DUNGEON.—In the early months of 1912 the dungeon in the lower regions of the castle was opened and Manual Training was thrust upon the male warriors. Elwood, Robison, and Rathiscuit were the shining lights therein.

THE PASSING OF COMRADES.—Several of the bold little army were at this time (1911-12) sent to other castles to enter different pursuits. Some also escaped from captivity and returned to their homes and the band shrank visibly in number.

CHAPTER 3.

THE CHANGE FROM BARBARISM.—In the latter part of the year 1912 the old baronage had changed little. True, a new keeper of the dungeon was secured and another dungeon was also opened in which the girls could practice cookery—but these were the only changes. Not until the year after did the remnants of the great army understand the reason of their retention in the castle. They realized that Montie was endeavoring to change them from bare savages to civilized personages. So, the Inquisition did not appear so formidable, and tasks became on the whole, easier.

DEEDS AND ACQUISITIONS.—The little band secured at this time three notable acquisitions from the north and south—these were Calvert, Cordrey and Wilsey. The first was comely, the second tall, and the third wise. This same Wilsey, in fact became the reader at the Big Six. "Tubby" again won a place on the debating team. Robison and Burlison worked wonders in the dungeon and their products were sent far to the eastward—even to Philadelphia—and there received many prizes. Rathiscuit demonstrated his superiority in mathematics and the sciences and his one hundred in Physics will long be remembered. During this period several of the group—Strecby, Griess, Douglas and a few more refused to be civilized and so their terms were extended. Several of these personages were also picked up in the advancement—namely, Rip, "Puffy" and Harold. On the other hand some of the warriors became civilized so quickly as to rise from the masses and join this illustrious band. These were Fritz, Cullie, Leah, Burlison and Grace Williams.

CHAPTER 4.

GREATER CHANGES AT THE BARONAGE.—At last in September 1913, the now almost civilized band entered upon their last year of captivity. In the mean time, Montie had fallen heir to a larger kingdom to the north, and Sir Schideler became the baron. The garrison was also changed. Two new names were now added to the roster—O'Neal of athletic fame, and Barter, charmer of hearts.

ORGANIZATION OF THE CLASS OF '14.—The little band had been, up to now, unorganized. So December 11, 1913, leaders were elected that the army might be able to cope with the barbarians in the hereafter. So, Marcus Alldredge was elected general-in-chief and Mary Kreie and Leah Suddoth were made his lieutenants.

DEMONSTRATIONS OF CIVILIZATION.—The band, also in order to show their civilization, did a great many things in the latter months of 1913 and up

to May, 1914. The first of these was in debating where Miller, Fuhrer, Carson, Alldredge, Ries, and Sugg composed the two debating teams. A higher proficiency was also shown in the presentation of the play "Out Of Town"—Wilsay, Suddoth, Highman, Hall, Hardwick, Whiting, Sugg and Williams demonstrated the general advancement of the class therein. Another demonstration was in printing of the Hoop Pole. This is a vast chronicle of the doings of the castle, in the past, present, and future; so as to inspire future armies with the glory of this famous forty and eight. Up to this time it had been the custom of the previous groups to secure emblems by which to know one another in later life. But this class realizing that such distinguishing marks were entirely unnecessary, refused to abide by this custom and thus set a notable precedent.

ATHLETICS.—In athletics little was done this year. A basket ball team was started with O'Neal as captain, but it was doomed to failure. Hernsen and O'Neal represented their brothers in the Indoor Track. The two will also be present at the Quadrangle.

CONCLUSION.—Now the chronicle of this noble band is over. Only a short time remains until they must fight their way through the many battles in the great world outside. Some may fail, but the majority will succeed. These failures even may be spurred on to success when they read of the deeds of their comrades. They hope that the other captives in that great castle will follow in the footsteps of their predecessors and endeavor to reach the high standard which has been set by them.

THAYNE SMITH WILLIAMS, '14.



CLASS PROPHECY.

A high tower stood straight and alone by the wild sea. From the topmost point, a light shone out upon the dark, ever frothing and foaming waters. Within this light chamber there sat a man, prematurely aged—very tall, with stooping shoulders. His straggly locks had decided to part company some years before, and fell in a mass about his long, pale face. His great hands worked on and on, otherwise his body seemed lifeless. Presently he gave a great sigh and leaned back in his chair—his feet sliding along the floor several feet, thus allowing his head to rest against the back of his chair. He shut his eyes and sat thus for a long time, resting as only a man who has worked unceasingly both night and day can rest. A long time passed—he opened his eye—the clock struck out ten muffled strokes. As he aroused himself, his eyes fell on a calendar on the opposite wall—it was the night of May 21, 1939.

He went to work, going over his invention, part by part—putting them together with unusual care. He stepped back and surveyed it with the eyes of a fond parent. At last it was completed—this great telegraph—a thing the like of which the world had never heard, a thing he had given years of his life to accomplish. Yes, and he would try it tonight.

A bright light came to his blue eyes. "Jove!" he muttered, "it has been exactly twenty-five years. Ha, Ha, That night we set sail, where have we anchored? I have never had time to find where they have anchored, but to-night—", it was a cue to him, tempting him to immediate action.

"Go," he commanded, "and bring me a message of Ivan Carson."

For fully a minute the mass of minute mechanism buzzed alarmingly and weird looking electric currents raced along the mark which enclosed his forehead. His eyes riveted upon the sensitive chemical plate before him—his very breath and heart throbs seemed to move in unison with the throbs of the production. Would he succeed, or would his work be naught—squandered work? The next minute would decide.

The telegraph gradually slowed down and stopped. The inventor with heart in his mouth leaned over the plate on which were written some peculiar hieroglyphical markings.

"Thank God," he muttered, "I've succeeded. Bill Edson, the fool of yesterday, will be the sage of to-morrow. One person of that class has succeeded. Let's see about the rest of them."

With perfect ease he read the apparently untranslatable sentences before him.

"Ivan Carson—brilliantly took up the study of law and finished the course; but, disgusted with the present day political corruption, he never attempted to practice his profession. He is now running a hamburger stand on the corner of Fourth and Main, Mt. Vernon, Indiana."

A good natured smile spread over the encephalic features of the electrical wizard. "By Jove," he muttered, "that's interesting. Let's hear about—well, let me see—Van Whiting."

The machine, part mental and part electrical, again took up its work unflinchingly and the operator read the results. "Van Whiting is Major General of the United States army. Rising from the ranks of the local militia by perseverance, he now holds a lofty place in the military world. He displayed great ability, as a strategist, in the sweeping suffragette strife of this country; but he possessed a yellow streak—when it came to dealing with women—he fell—and refused to strike against them."

"Harold Johnson," whispered the operator softly.

"Harold Johnson—Paris society—cards—wine—dancing—gambling—money all gone. He kicked over the table at which he lost his last cent and the prodigal son made one home run. He is now head manager of the Farmersville Grocery Company."

"Now Lloyd Sugg and Richard Miller and——"

"Lloyd Sugg is a famous horse doctor. He has a large practice among the farmers and stock raisers and is becoming wealthy. Richard Miller was made a member of the national legislature and appointed as speaker of the house. His debating ability has never left him and consequently he has a very controlling influence."

With an electric flash this record was replaced by another—a record of war, of international disturbance—"Young Huerta, failing to profit by his father's experience again defies the United States——"

Here the inventor impatiently checked the machine, muttering, "Why should I be interested in the endless wars of our neighbors?"

Then through the night he sent the call "'14, '14, 1914—go and bring me a message of all the rest of that illustrious class."

With a spasmodic dash, the great metaphysical machine again resumed its mysterious work.

"Eugene Fuhrer, now rightfully Deacon, is a famous evangelist and religious reformer. He has written several books, his most famous being "Purification," "Immortality," and "Betterment of Student Life."

"Fred Welborn, encouraged by his success as joke editor of the annual, is a famous humorist. He humors his partner, who is a militant suffrage leader, by making fires, cooking three meals daily, washing the dishes, sweeping, scrubbing, feeding the bird and cat, beating rugs, ironing, and working up thrilling suffrage speeches, hauling——"

"Stop," roared the inventor, "continue with the others."

Marcus Aldredge, the woman hater, remained so until he finished college because he kept out of their way. But one day on his way to his office, where crowds awaited him daily seeking medical advice, he stopped a runaway horse. Much to his embarrassment he found there was a "girl in the case." The girl had deep blue eyes—Marcus succumbed."

"Mary Wilsey, the high school speaker, has taken up the cross of woman suffrage and stumps the United States in behalf of her cause. She is not an advocate of militant suffrage, instead, she realizes the latest power of her tongue and gains thousands of votes daily."

"Grace Barter, the youngest of the great class, went through college and graduated there as the youngest. She was then rewarded with a position as manager of a new department in the college—the department of the Psychology of the Heart. She is a great success, as this requires a great deal of talking in one's sleep."

"Mary Kreie has made a brilliant record as a typist. She holds a high position in Baltimore and prefers being a business woman above everything else."

"Aleen Calvert and Edith Highman went through Indiana University together. During their senior year they were encountered by an aviator one day while walking in the country. They went for a ride with him (the man was Cullen Sugg) and both fell desperately in love. Cullen married his school girl ideal, Edith, and they are very happy except when Edith's old spirit of mischief asserts itself. But Cullen has learned to parry her attacks by calm and smiling indifference. Aleen hasn't spoken to Edith since. She occupies herself by teaching kindergarten in the High School and wearing better clothes than Edith. This department has been added to the old H. S. for the benefit of the present day Seniors."

Now the inventor was surprised by a rustling as of wings and he feared that a message was coming from above. As this was followed by a muffled, "Yeep, yeep," he came to earth and translated——

"Thayne Williams, great chicken grower——. He heard his calling and followed. He is trying to better conditions for chickens, having gotten a law passed that chickens shall not be eaten any more in Indiana. He lives out on

the traction, or rather his chickens do. Aleen gave him the cold shoulder years ago because she decided that Thayne loved his chickens better than "his wren."

"Helen Rowe, a great Romanticist—awoke one day to find that she had eloped with Albert Zuspahn. Albert is delivery boy at Klein & Wasem's and expects to be made a silent partner soon."

"Leah Suddoth has made great use of her talent. She is on a vaudeville circuit, playing and dancing by turns."

And so they came—one and one—never ceasing—those messages of the wonderful class. William gave a great sigh, but it was a sigh of satisfaction and vibrated with joy.

"Leslie Johnson and Eldon McFadden are living in their bachelor apartments in Chicago, seemingly well contented."

"Thomas Meisner is a noted heavy-weight prize fighter. He has set a record equal to that of Fitzsimmons or Corbett and is preparing to meet Jack Arthur Johnson at Reno, next summer."

"Minnie Sanders was a country school teacher in Missouri. A few months ago she was tried in St. Louis court for spanking one of her pupils a little too hard, and consequently lost her position."

"Norma Sailor is a patent medicine peddler. She sells only one kind of medicine, which is a flesh reducer. However, she doesn't place herself as an advertisement for the virtue of her drug."

"Louise Dexheimer is in the bakery business. She bakes and delivers bread during the day and teaches the tango at night. She attributes her ability in the former to the domestic science department of the Mt. Vernon High School and the latter to the hours when she should have been preparing her history lesson."

"John Robinson"—The inventor leaned over and looked at the plate, for there seemed to be a disturbance as if two forces were acting—"After graduation went west and became a cowboy. After several years of ranch life, he returned home to find that his Ideal had purchased a large ranch in Texas. There was nothing in Mt. Vernon for him—so now he and Lola Tichendorf are herding cattle and raising sheep some place near Galveston. This tells its own story."

"Lelia Cordrey and John Wingo are traveling with a large circus as the tall woman and the short man. They are the principal attractions of the whole affair."

"Oscar Reis, several years after graduation, married an Indian squaw and took one hundred sixty acres of land in Oklahoma. With the exception of a little trouble with his father-in-law he is getting along very well."

"Albert Hermesen, after graduation, responded to the call of nature and is now one of the prosperous farmers about Caborn."

"Ruth Hall was a great success in the Class play. She has tried numerous things and at last hit upon those which suit her best. She teaches her husband domestic science during the day and gives Punch and Judy shows at night."

"Sybil Swinerton plays the piano at the Empress and teaches music. She is said to be a good music teacher and may make a name for herself yet, provided a well meaning fellow who has been hanging around her home lately doesn't step in and bring her career to a close."

"Carlena Cowen has surprised the world. Her mother decided she would put her farm in Carlena's hands. Carlena never did like the farm and to escape this dreadful calamity she imitated the picture show and went to the "city." She now runs a beauty shop on Fifth avenue and Walter O'Neal is her partner—they have both anchored."

"Grace Williams went to New York to visit Carlena some time after, and when she returned her hair was a most beautiful auburn. She has never for-

gotten how to use her eyes. She has Charles Zergiebel infatuated with them. Charles is a sport—graduated from college and has established a record for entertaining ladies."

"Lucile Hardwick is a joint partner in the McCallister Auto Company. She took out shares several years ago. The company is booming because of Lucile's advertising ability. She received her early business training as a member of the '14 Annual Business Staff."

"Richard Lamb is Socialist Governor of Indiana. He has succeeded in getting a bill passed, 'All school children recite only when they feel like it.'"

"Jessie Schierbaum and Cecil Thomas have built a large home and sanitarium for homeless dogs and cats and for orphans. But it is said that some of the orphans are as old as they are. They have also founded a Royal Humane society, over which they elected as president Wilhelmina Jeffries, who long ago gave up in despair in her career of teaching A B C's backwards and ventured upon the matrimonial career."

"Clifford Merchanthouse went out West some years ago. He was prospering in business, when alas for Rip! A very beautiful girl came to the town one day. Rip became infatuated with her name (it was Gheressa De Marquet) and as her helper, the man, who started the fire under the balloon, to form the gas, was sick, she lured Rip to take his place. Since then he has gradually advanced until now he startles the world in his trapeze acting high in the air. He boasts that his parachute has never failed to open."

"Ruby Allyn has startled the world by her singing. She began by singing in Choruses. Finally a wealthy bachelor discovered her and sent her to Europe to have her voice cultivated. She now sings for the Royalty of every country."

"Alice Behrick is an artist. She felt so a hamed that the Senior class could not furnish an artist that she decided to take up art. Her greatest and latest work is called the "Frying Pan and the Man." She is living in single blessedness, having disdainfully scorned all offers of marriage."

"Elwood Burlison is in the Philippines. He taught school there a number of years. One day, becoming restless, he walked five cigarettes into the country. A native chief of the mountain savages seized him, bound him and carried him away to his colony. Elwood was forced to marry the daughter of the chief. At the present moment he sits upon the water's edge and looks longingly toward the old U. S. and the freedom that he used to know."

"Leona Welborn took up the study of Forestry. She makes tours through the U. S. and lectures upon the sin of cutting down trees. Her motto is "Oh Woodman Spare That Tree." She is one of Uncle Sam's most valuable workers."

"Nell Reese travels with "The Seven Southerland Sisters." She sits in show windows for well known drug stores to display—what that famous hair tonic has done for her hair. She is a great friend of Carlena Cowen's beauty establishment."

"The inventor's interest was so much involved in the lives of his classmates that he hadn't noticed how rapidly they had passed, and only until the plate ceased its revolutions did he realize that he was alive, that human emotions, ambitions, and endeavors are real and different, that all life, in spite of that fact is one rolling, surging mass which is being swept down the stream of years to one destiny, and greatest of all—that his class was in that mass: a prominent and inspiring factor, the renown of which had overshadowed that of all other claimants. And the telepathic message which he sent on the wings of night to the remainder of that illustrious number was thus: "How glad I am that I graduated with that fame aspiring class of 1914."

MARY WILSEY,

MARCUS ALLDREDGE.

2058394

CLASS WILL.

We, the class of nineteen hundred fourteen, being about to leave this sphere, in full possession of a sound mind, memory, and understanding, do make and publish this, our last will and testament, hereby revoking and making void all other former wills by us at any time heretofore made.

As to such estates it has pleased the Fates and our own merits to give us, we do dispose of the same as follows, viz :

Item: To the Juniors we bequeath a book entitled "How to act and what to do when you become a Senior."

Item: To the Freshmen we will many pairs of rubber heeled shoes, said shoes to be used in assisting them to walk in the assembly room.

Item: To William Wil on we will two reserved seats for next year's Lecture Course.

Item: Ivan Carson wills to Lloyd Thompson the greatest tonsorial achievement of the XXth Century—his pompadour.

Item: Thayne Williams and Aleen Calvert will their method of communication to Louis Barter and Mary Stinson, hoping they will improve said method.

Item: Marcus Aildredge wills his remarkable literary ability to the English VII class to be used in writing allegories.

Item: To the future debating classes we will the scalp of Princeton.

Item: We bequeath Pus Carr to the faculty, to be held in fee simple.

Item: Lelia Cordrey bequeaths all her extra height to Arnohus Reedic.

Item: To the Juniors we will our good looks so that the photographer may not have to use so much patience.

Item: William Edson wills his nickname, Weary, to Gus Jeffries, so that Gus will not have to be named again.

Item: To Miss Prenzel we will a Rumford cooking book, said book to be used in such a manner as to suppress all savory odors that might otherwise escape to tantalize less fortunate classes.

Item: Aleen Calvert wills her sweet, quiet ways to Katy Bokelman

Item: Helen Rowe and Leah Suddoth will their coquettish ways to Fern Bridges and Bessie Shaw.

Item: Harold Johnson wills his old M. V. H. S. sweater to Robert Watkins.

Item: We bequeath to Ivan McFadden a volume of anti-fate prescriptions.

Item: To the Freshmen we also bequeath one bottle of milk, hoping that not one of their number will be hurt in the struggle for its possession.

Item: Grace Williams wills all her beauty to Hildred Oliver.

Item: Wilhelmina Jeffries wills her friendship with Grace Bunton to Charles Carr.

Item: We bequeath to Paul Hanshoe an article entitled, "How to Become a Debater."

Item: To the Juniors we bequeath the Smokewell Cigar Store and to a few Sophmores we will Kreie's harness shop.

Item: Richard Miller and Thayne Williams leave to the school Vol. IX and X of "How to Become Famous."

Item: Mary Wilsey wills her beau-ti-ful curls to Rose Pierce, said curls to be used by Rose in wiping away all unnecessary tears.

Item: Charles Zergiebel and Jimmy Butcher will the High School Bible that they have been studying together for the last half year to two of the most intimate members of next year's graduating class.

Item: Walter O'Neal wills his modest way of casting down his eyes to Boetticher Bailey.

Item: Mary Wilsey hereby bequeaths her reputation as a reader to Rachael Harlem.

Item: To the Juniors we will our artistic temperament, same to be used to an advantage in next year's Annual.

Item: Mr. Behrens, the departed, wills all his unused red note books to Mr. Sandefur. Same to be used by Mr. Sandefur during his vigil over the assembly.

Item: To Frank Grant we leave a pair of curling irons, said irons having been used in the personal adornment of Mr. Schideler.

Item: To Laslie Utley we leave the library table and all the surrounding chairs to be used by him in his extended reference work.

Item: To Mr. Sandefur we will a new thermometer to be placed at the north side of the assembly, which has always been his favorite resort.

Item: Richard Lamb wills to the Mt Vernon High School the idea that nine-tenths of the most intelligent people are socialists. In this Richard solemnly believes and wishes it to be handed down.

Item: All funny feelings that Thayne Williams received from the cigarettes that he had to smoke in the class play he wills to our beloved Edson Erwin.

Item: Lloyd and Cullen Sugg will their interest in the Highman family to Joe Perkins.

Item: To the most worthy member of the Freshman class, Thayne Williams bequeaths his last pair of short trousers. In case such legatee fails to claim said legacy, the same shall, after due time, be given to Lloyd Thompson.

Item: Oscar Reis wills his two charming dimples to William Ridenour.

Item: Van Whiting wills all his old love letters to Carl Griess.

Item: All English X classes we will to the tender mercies of Miss Smith.

Item: Chas. Zergiebel wills his remarkable insight into the weighty subject of Physics and also an indexed book on how to find any article in the Physics Room to the Physics I class.

Item: We will to Bob Keck two pairs of long trousers to be worn upon all occasions.

Item: Ruby Allyn wills the remainder of her box of rouge to Norma Wade.

Item: We will "Too Much Mustard" to the Juniors, hoping that they will like it as well as the Seniors of 1914 did.

Item: To Russel Shyrock a box of vaseline with which to keep up his pompadour.

Item: To Miss Hershey a new green book.

Item: The cast of "OUT OF TOWN" wills to the cast of 1915 play, the remainder of their "make up," together with the services of Miss Wall and Mr. Stinnett to assist in artistically applying the same. The said material is to be kept until needed by Ivan McFadden; at which time it is to be delivered intact to the leading characters.

Item: We leave the piano in Mr. Calvert's care. We further grant him the power to appoint his own assistant.

Item: To Mr Llewelyn we will our class song, same to be sung only in private as a lullaby.

Item: To the Track team the Senior girls leave all their pieces of chamois, same to be used in polishing the silver cup on the north bookcase, that it may serve as an inspiration for greater efforts.

Item: To Carl Schnabel our unanimous support that he may win another gold medal to replace the one he lost.

Item: To the Juniors we leave all precedents, either established or broken, same to be kept in mind during their Senior year.

In witness whereof, we, the class of nineteen hundred fourteen, the testators, have to this will, set our hand and seal, this twenty-second day of May, Anno Domini, one thousand, nine hundred fourteen.

Attorney, RICHARD MILLER.

CLASS 1914.



CLASS POEM.

The Master of Life hath sent forth his call,
Each his own captain, mate and crew.
Those happy years we spent together—you and I,
Are gone forever, only in memory they linger
Their pictures painted in lasting colors fair.
To the future we must turn, the past is gone.
The future, our after-elves lie in our hands to-day,
And each must choose his course and steer his way.

There's a fairer land that lies afar,
A richer life that none, save you, can bar,
There's a higher, broader plane off yonder
All aglow with the glorious splendor and wonder
Of honesty, manliness and goodness real,
Where men have nothing to conceal,
May each have this end before him to-night
Then all's well, all that remains is to fight.

IVAN CARSON.

Mary Wiley

Class Song

A. G. and E. W.

1 There was a class, which started out to make their time great; The
2 The same has sped from state to state of the class of the forty-eight; Of
you have passed the time at last has for children arrives; The
all their honors and their fame and lastly of their fate, for
days are not and full of sport for all who with them went; The boys
the grandest class of all the classes hitherto; But a-
lass for all the stragglers who along the way have spent; The
do number just the same as the girls which is twenty-four; The
those who were the stragglers after they had got their start. How
let us show our love and honor for our class so dear; By
could some foolish people from our dear old class depart
giving in our loudest voice a shout and then a cheer
Chorus:
We're the class of nineteen fourteen, We're seniors, We're seniors, We're
gathered here to show you that there are forty-eight of us, We're
made a big success of school life, of school life you've seen, These cheer
for the class, these cheer for the class of nineteen fourteen.
Prepared by W. Wilhelmina Jeffries.

OUT OF TOWN.

Certainly no squad ever underwent four weeks of stricter discipline and more rigid training than our cast; and no squad ever entered into it with a better spirit. During the last two weeks preceding the play, they worked like Trojans, forfeiting sleep, lessons, social functions, everything to make the play a success. Consequently they, although amateur in experience, showed greater talent than some of the professionals who have played in the same house.

Lloyd Sugg and Lucille Hardwick, in representing the butler and maid, pleased the audience to the fullest extent. Van Whiting, personifying the Duke of Ellington, showed remarkable ability—when he was proposing to Leah—by drawing the attention of the audience, allowing Mary Wilsey to make a dramatic entrance undiscovered. During the last act, Mary displayed great skill in changing from a weeping mother to one overpowered with joy. Bobby, the Bachelor, from the very beginning, obtained the favor of the audience and gradually led his part up to the climax, when he pleased the audience by—well, every one knows how Edith Highman showed her ability in capturing the Bachelor. No one can ever forget how Leah Suddoth, in carrying out the ruse of remaining incognito, accidentally exposed the whole affair. Ruth Hall, the most inquisitive of the characters, displayed a true type of a widow who, although continually looking for her daughter's interests, brought her to a fate which she strongly opposed at the beginning of the play. In short, every character displayed remarkable ability and received the applause of the audience.

The music of the girls' sextette and the orchestra, under the direction of Miss Dorsey, delighted every one and varied the program pleasantly.

We believe that Miss Smith and the cast deserve the greatest possible praise, not only from the school, but also from the community at large. We (not boastingly, but sincerely) think that we have set a record in histrionism.

PROGRAM

SENIOR CLASS PLAY

MARCH 20th, 1914

MusicHigh School Orchestra

“OUT OF TOWN”

A Comedy in Three Acts.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Mr. John Spencer Ellington, the unwilling possessor of a Dukedom, disguised as a valet in Act III.....Van Whiting
 Mr. Robert Mayhew Thorndike, otherwise “Bobby,” a bachelor by choiceThayne Williams
 Mrs. Jane Harrington Thorndike, a widow mother of Bobby and Elizabeth, disguised as housekeeper in Acts II and III.....Mary Wilsey
 Elizabeth Thorndike, disguised as maid in Acts II and III....Leah Suddeth
 Mrs. J. Ludington Monroe, former classmate of Mrs. ThorndikeRuth Hall
 Esther Monroe, her daughterEdith Highman
 James, the Thorndike's butlerLloyd Sugg
 Marie, their maidLucile Hardwick
 Time—The Present.
 Scene—The same throughout, living room of Mrs. Thorndike's city home.

ACT I.

MusicOrchestra
 Girls' Sextet, “Dance Ye Mary Wavelets”—Whiting, Misses Aleen Calvert, Helen Rowe, Jimmie Butcher, Mary Kreie, Louise Dexheimer and Florence Pfister.

ACT II.

MusicOrchestra
 Girls' Sextet, (Characters same as above) (a) “Rest Thee on this Mossy Pillow,” Smart. (b) “By the Firelight,” from “Il Trovatore,” Verdi.

ACT III.

Class SongSenior Class
 MusicOrchestra



ACT I.

Mrs. Thorndike — "But these dear, delicious bargains."

ACT II.

Ellington—"I wanted to ask your advice about a certain item of—er—Oh, yes—a little matter of business."



ACT II.

Bobby—"You don't know how lovely you look with your white hair and cap, or you wouldn't cast it off so rashly."



ACT II.

Mrs. J. Ludington Monroe—"We should like to be shown to our rooms at once."



ACT III.

Elizabeth — "O, I am afraid I am going to say 'yes,' even though you do own a—a—horrid title."



ACT III.

Esther — "Burying the tangle of the past, you can begin your real friendship anew."

THE ADDRESS OF THE CLASS PRESIDENT.

In leaving, this is the parting message we wish to give you:—Peg and peg and peg.

Have any of you ever noticed a "miler" at a track meet? If you have, you have had illustrated to you a fine example of the pegging away principle. If he sprints at the start and for the first half, he rarely wins the race. It's the man that keeps pegging from the start, steadily and evenly, saving his strength for a final sprint at the finish that wins. He knows the meaning of peg and peg and peg.

We, the Seniors, will soon pass from your gaze and will cease to be your ideals, but we wish to encourage you to peg on until you stand in the very place which we have attained.

At this moment you may be engaged in a task that is showing signs of failure or symptoms of weakness. Well, keep pegging—with confidence of winning in your system—peg and peg. Whether it be in high school, whether it be in college, or whether it be in life—peg. Don't linger among that peculiarly inconsistent class of people known as the quitters. Those people are energetic and capable, but they have one fatal failure—they lack that splendid quality of perseverance. They "run well" for a semester, but fail often at the very point of achievement.

Later, we find these people out in life, taking hold with a great hurrah, trying to carry things with a cyclonic sweep. Big things, you must remember, do not move at the instant bidding of a few enthusiasts. But after a succession of ineffective spasmodic movements, these people "cease and quit." This has a very depressing effect upon the faithful and patient plodder.

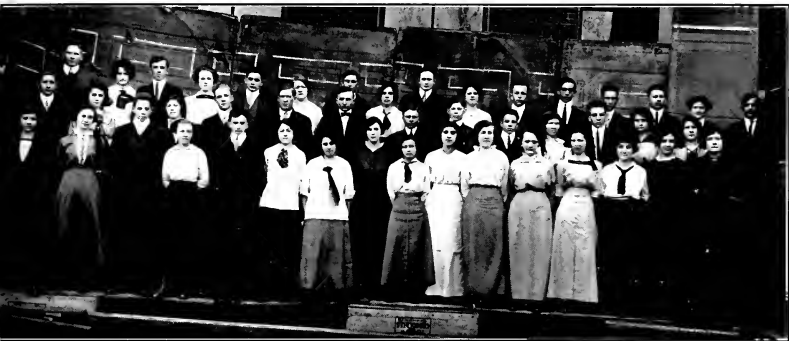
Thus, we warn you, cultivate the habit of stick-to-it-iveness. If discouraged, peg a little harder. If "all in," start pegging all over again. If you want to see yourself grow materially stronger, there is no better plan than to peg and peg and peg.

Don't quit—just peg. "Set your aims high," remembering with Browning "That a man's reach should exceed his grasp," and peg until you have reached your aim. No mortal is human who has no aspiration or ambition. It is quite natural that men should strive for higher things. He who doesn't strive to do better is no higher than Darwin's "missing link." No one of us does so well but that he could do better. But it is a great mistake to sulk because results fail to measure up to our expectations. The proper thing to do is to smile and peg. Just peg.

Underclassmen, we do not mean to say that we have succeeded, that we have gone as high as we possibly can. As a matter of fact, we have not—we have just "set sail," we have just begun on the long voyage to a complete education. But the grit which we have developed during the past four years, if stimulated by energy, ambition and vitality of youth, will carry us through. And that is the best element of a high school education—genuine grit for higher learning. Thus by "sticking" to the high school course, you will generate a spirit which will be priceless.

In parting, O Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen, we wish to quote those words which were given to us by our Savior and which have been echoed and re-echoed down through the ages: "All things are possible to him that believeth."

MARCUS ALLDREDGE, '14.



CLASS OF 1915.

Top Row—Ivan McFadden, Helen Robinson, Walter Griess, Alpha Daries, Floyd Douglas, Katie Bokelmann, Everett Wild, Florence Pfister, Edson Erwin, Jimmie Butcher, Harley Curtis, Henry Hammer, Perry Williams, Carl Schuabel, Lavilla Wade, Carl Griess.

Middle Row—Harold Helmuth, Helen McGary, Phyllis Schierbaum, Philip Rowe, Wilfred Phillips, Herman Kaufman, William Hanshoe, Paul Kemper, Boetticher Bailey, Esther Bridges, Herbert Hermesen, Armada Wade, Nora David.

Bottom Row—Ella Frick, Martha Johnson, John Sander, Lola Walker, Frank Grant, Nannie Jeffries, Bessie Shaw, Lena French, Dora Hageman, Louise Mann, Agnes Bares, Ruth Schneider, Dora Helm, Olga Seibert, Izora Ruminer, Oma Molt.



CLASS OF 1916.

Top Row—Charles Hames, Floyd Alldredge, Paul Welker, William Wilson, Ella Neff, Edward Trafford, Marguerite Albright, Adelaide Hardwick, Kenneth Allison, Essie Crawford, Claude Wilson, Ella Breeze, Charles Blackburn, Eunice Caborn, Ruby Blackburn, Anna Jones.

Middle Row—Doyle Heirenimus, Robert Keck, Bettie Curry, Winfred Daws, Louis Barer, Aline Cowen, Raymond Zuspahn, Lloyd Thompson, Carl Zimmerman, Arthur Barter, Gus Jeffries, Pauline Bailey, Mary Wilcox, Kenneth Crunk, Bob Joest, Lucile Ludlow, Helen Boberg.

Bottom Row—Andrew Bokelmann, Eva Highman, Erwin Blackburn, Hazel O'Neal, Flossie Schisley, Elvis Daws, Clara Cox, Helen Shryock, Helen Hironimus, Cecil Dixon, Hildred Oliver, Lashie Utley, Florence Page, Lucy Hermisen, Miriam Fuelling, Cordelia Noon, Fern Bridges.



CLASS OF 1917.

Top Row—Fred Walker, Dewey Harris, Morris Barrett, Anne Fullinwider, Wilfred Lawrence, Louis Alles, Starlus Hogan, Mary Stinson, Helen Daniel, Paul Watkins, Lucille Barnett, Sherman Carr, Vivian Yaggi, Gladys Rosenbaum, Wm. Davis, Herdis Helmuth, Leckie Johnson, Ruby Hanes, Mary Ludlow.

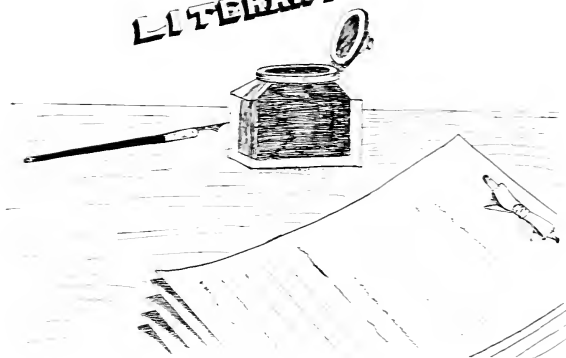
Second Row—Dewey Byrd, Tim Crunk, Edward Esche, Mildred Prenzel, Ruth Schultheis, Margaret Doerr, Grace Bunton, Alois Blockley, Helen Williams, William Ridenour, Bertha Welborn, Margaret Holton, Jamie Bailey, Stella Pfister, Matilda Hofmann, Florence Staples, Ruth Streeby, Ruth Dexheimer, Rose Pierce

Third Row—Herbert Forthofer, Arvan Hall, Richard Foster, Mary Black, Mae Moore, Lorena Roeder, Russell Shryock, Lena West, Paul Hanshoe, Mary Ludlow, Oleva Aildredge, Myra Walker, Helen Peerman, Juanita Tudor, Flora Dixon, Aline Schneider, Mary Kuhn.

Fourth Row—Roscoe Bayer, Fred Leonard, Arthur Staiger, Albert Kaufman, Louis Hohstadt, Aaron Ashworth, James Walker, Allan Coker, Raymond Blackburn, William Ruminer, Lloyd French, William Dansman, Louis Meier, Jessie Lamb, Ida Watson.

Fifth Row—Earnest Perkins, Asa Rhodes, Vera Stiker, Rachel Harlem, William Finn, Lorena Wedeking, Jessie Pickles, Mary Weir, Arnolus Reede, Freda Ries, Gussie Sherertz, Anna Fralley, Norma Wade, Madeline Forthofer, Elfreda Frick, Bertha Ashworth, Myrtle Green, Mary Morlock, Tillie Handel, Dorothy Johnson, Nellie Son.

LITERARY



THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

1219 Park Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, October 1, 1912.

“Mr. Francis Nyberg,

1621 Washington Boulevard, Detroit, Michigan.

Dear Sir:—

Henry Trane, your uncle, died Tuesday, leaving you estate. Call.

BLAIR & GOIR,

Attorneys at Law.

Well, this was news. Here I was out of work; and then suddenly made heir of a large estate from an uncle I hadn't seen since childhood! As it didn't take me very long to gather my belongings I was soon on my way to Chicago. I wondered what he had been up to now. I had always heard that he was eccentric; in fact, he enjoyed the reputation of being the most eccentric man in the United States. But this did not worry me any: I was willing to take all he'd give me.

Upon arriving at Chicago, I immediately went to the office of Blair & Goir, Attorneys at Law. I was ushered into a large, well furnished waiting room where I sat for several hours. Finally I was led into the private office where a gray-haired man sat at the desk. He arose as I came in and greeted me cordially. I had already been identified to him. He gave me a chair, and after a few preliminary words, he read the will to me. In the will I learned that the house on the estate was haunted, and that I was required to stay there at least one night, and prove to the satisfaction of the lawyers that I had sufficient manhood to be entitled to such a place. My uncle seemed to be rather skeptical about the courage and manhood of the younger generation. If I did not fulfill the condition the estate was to be turned over to a scientific institution in the city. Mr. Blair was very kind and courteous in explaining the meaning of the will and offered me his advice and services whenever I needed help. He gave me the keys and told me how to find the estate. I thanked him and left.

Late that afternoon I took the train that went near the estate and rode out to it. Night had fallen when I reached the house in which I was to spend the night. As I entered the lane which led from the road I could see parts of a large stone building which was to be mine after the simple little ordeal of which I have already spoken. The house was surrounded by trees—almost a grove—through which the moon shed her silver light. Nothing ghostly here; I needn't fear such whims of my old, eccentric uncle. It was some distance from the road to the house.

As I drew near the house, I noticed that the walk made a sudden turn. Following it I came out of the grove and into full view of the house—a great stone structure, which appeared to be worth the task of braving all the dangers of a hundred encounters with all the ghosts that made their nocturnal visits to the earth. I stepped upon the porch which ran along the entire front of the house, and crossed to the door, which I unlocked with the key Mr. Blair had given me.

I peered inside—into utter darkness. I stepped across the threshold, and as I did so, I saw that the room I had entered was filled with an unearthly light, and soon discovered that it appeared to radiate from the ceiling, which was very high, and very much ornamented, and seemed to be one mass of ghostly light. Having found out a little about the light, I looked around the room, finding it to be a sort of reception hall.

Soon my attention was attracted to another room and I entered it. It was lighted with the same unearthly light, but I heeded this little now. I looked about the room, and then made a circuit about it to examine everything.

After completing the circuit around the room, I drew up a large, comfort-

able rocking chair, sat down, and waited for things to happen. I was ready for anything. In the first place, I believed in ghosts and haunted houses as a mouse believes in a cat. And then, even if I do say it, I had more than the average amount of that quality, which in slang, is called "nerve." I had fought lions in Africa and Spaniards in Cuba. I had spent a night in every haunted house I had ever heard of, and I had never seen anything yet that appeared to be supernatural. Thus it was beyond hope to find ghosts in my own property.

I had sat there for several minutes when I grew chilly. There was an open grate on one side of the room, but there seemed to be no coal or wood near and I didn't know where to find any. I got up and began wandering around to get my blood to circulating again. I walked over to the bookcase and looked over the list of books. Suddenly an old ragged book on "Spiritualism" gradually began to slide forward. Nothing daunted I reached for the book, but I confess I was rather startled at not finding any way to account for the strange movement of the book. I heard a crackling behind me, and there was a fire burning brightly in the grate. "Oh, ho!" thought I, "even haunted houses have their advantages. I wish for a fire—and lo—a fire there is!"

Well, I drew my chair up to the fire and began to read "Spiritualism." The book was not interesting, and after a few minutes I let it drop to the floor and sat staring into space. Gradually I became aware that the door I had been staring at was slowly opening. This was not so bad in itself but it had happened that I had tried that door when I first came into the room, and it had been firmly locked. I watched the door swing open inch by inch and I confess it was unnerving to say the least. But there seemed to be worse and more of it, for now out stalked a tall, gaunt skeleton, with its eye sockets gleaming with a pale, yellow light that focused upon me. I sat stupefied, or rather mesmerized, like a rabbit fascinated by a deadly serpent. The skeleton walked to the fire and warmed its thin, bony hands. Meanwhile a chair was drawing up by a means undiscoverable by me, and my bony companion sat down.

"Good evening, stranger." Its voice rolled and echoed like a voice in a sepulchre. It then turned those flaming eyes upon me, and I shrank before its gaze. "Thou hast reason to shrink, base specimen of the human race. What right hast thou to mock the supernatural. Knowest thou not that thou art this instant surrounded on all sides by spirits of men far worthier than thou. Oh! base and degenerate man of the earth, knowest thou not with what power we are invested. Prepare thee then to pass from the state of life; prepare to pass from the mere state of a grovelling animal to a being of unlimited power; prepare thee then, for thy doom is set in the Book of Life. Thou diest at twelve tonight."

With these words ringing in my ears, I watched my companion of the other world glide through the door while I sat in a terrorized daze; I soon awoke and followed the apparition into the room. I rushed madly on to the center of it before I noticed that the skeleton had disappeared; I whirled around, and examined every place in the room—no place of escape. I examined the only two windows of which the room could boast, but he could not have gone through them, for they were covered with dust and bore no signs of any recent touch. I then peered out of the window, and the first thing that greeted my eyes was the moon—red as blood. I turned away astonished—almost horrified—only to behold that the door had closed and I was a prisoner in this room. I tried to open it, then to batter it down—all in vain. I then gave away to terror. Here I was, a prisoner in a room into which a skeleton had just entered and into which a blood red moon shed its light. If I turned toward the window, there was that moon; no matter which way I turned, there was the thought of the skeleton. What if I should feel its cold, bony hand seize me; or again hear that sepulchral voice. The moments seemed hours, and always I was expecting that horrible remnant of a man to enter. Finally the door opened, inch by

inch. I expected to see the dreaded apparition enter; nothing came. I ran out of the door and threw myself down again in my chair before the fire. For some time I sat there dazed, then slowly I became more composed.

From time to time I had heard a distant bell strike out the hours of the night, and the last had been half past eleven. Now the lights in the ceiling began to grow dimmer, and then became dark entirely. Soon the fire began to burn low. There was plenty of fuel, but the flame gradually decreased until I was in total darkness. Then a candle on the mantel began to burn while the hollow, unearthly toll of a bell sounded far, far beneath me. Then a second candle was lit by unseen hands while a second peal rolled out from below. I was terrorized; unable to move a muscle. I knew exactly how many times that bell would strike, but I waited for each peal with the impatience of a madman. Each toll of the bell vibrated through my body as if there were an earthquake. At last the twelfth peal rolled and echoed through the house, and the twelve candles went out.

In the farthest corner of the room I saw a ghastly yellow mist shape itself into something that resembled a human form, and as I looked, it grew taller and taller. Slowly it moved toward me and stood beside my chair. I sat paralyzed by the apparition. Then from the height above, two eyes of fire looked down upon me. I could not move a limb; but sat gazing at the spectre which towered above me. Then in the corner from which the spectre had come, there appeared several globules of light, that straightway began to sputter, and forth came hideous things—bits of life that began to swarm all over the room. They crept over everything; I could feel them crawling over my body. They piled upon each other, and carpeted the floor. Still they came on, crawling, creeping, squirming over me. Suddenly I felt a cold hand clutch at my throat. Then a loud report—the spectre and the creeping things flashed up in a flame—and a thick veil of darkness fell before my eyes.

When I awoke I found myself lying on the lawn in front of the house. The sun was up and the birds were singing merrily in the trees. At first I wondered what I was doing here, but then I remembered those creeping, crawling animals of various shapes. But there was nothing ghostly about the house now. Everything was quiet and peaceful with a light breeze stirring in the tree tops. I then began wondering how I got out here. There were no footprints nor other signs, as I could see. I finally gave the mystery up and put it among the other unexplainables. I looked at my watch and saw that it was eight o'clock, and I had promised the lawyers to be at their office by nine. But I did not know whether there was much use in going to see them again. I was quite sure I would not sleep in that house again for a dozen such estates. Finally I decided that it might be better to go.

When I entered the office I saw a strange looking old man sitting in a chair by Mr. Blair. When they both saw me they began to laugh uproariously. I could not see what they were laughing for, unless it was my appearance. I knew that I wouldn't sleep for six months after that experience, much less laugh. Mr. Blair finally controlled himself. "Well, I want to apologize for such actions, but he really did not intend to carry it that far. It was a great deal worse than it was meant to be."

I couldn't understand what he was talking about, but he went on. "In the first place, your uncle had not died, but has been in hiding. I now introduce Mr. Henry Trane, your uncle."

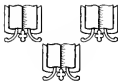
The little old man got up and came over to me with outstretched hands. "Please forgive me, dear nephew, it's not altogether my fault. I left my servant in control, but he went too far. There were no ghosts, nor walking skeletons. That was all caused by science."

It began to dawn on me at last that I had made a fool of myself. I might

have known that walking skeletons never frequented this world. My uncle spoke again.

"Please sit down and we will tell you all about it. As you know, I suppose, I have always been interested in science. Also I had a belief that the younger generations were degenerating. To test this, I arranged my house so that it would appear haunted, and then sent that telegram to you. You were watched all the time by an old, faithful servant of mine, who also controlled all the apparatus. The house was lighted from the ceiling by the mercury arc lamp, invented by Hewitt Cooper. This light has no red rays in it, thus when one looks at a white light it appears to be red. That's why the moon looked red to you. The fire had been hung in a pan in the chimney, and when you were busy at the bookcase, it was dropped to the grate below. The door which you thought to be locked, was unlocked and opened by electric magnets. The skeleton was made of sheet iron and steel bars painted white, and artistically shaped. It did make a fine imitation of a skeleton though. It was supported by fine wires which could not be seen. These wires served to carry electricity to move the legs and other organs of the skeleton. There was a small telephone receiver concealed in its head, and the servant did the talking while at a distance. Its eyes were painted with a phosphorescent paint. The fire was put out by the servant pouring carbonic acid gas down the chimney. The candle wicks had previously been dipped in a solution of phosphorus in bisulphide of carbon. When this dried, the candles took fire of their own accord. The spectre and those larvae were caused by a stereopticon kinnetoscope. The explosion was that of powder set off by the servant, who also carried you out of the house. Well, this about concludes my explanations. I confess that I was wrong in my opinion of your generation, and as a part payment for the trouble and terror that you endured, I now give you the deed to the estate."

WILLIAM EDSON, '14.



THE JAP AND THE DIAMOND.

Brandon had shifted his detective agency to New York, on upper Broadway.

During the first week of his new location, while he was enjoying a quiet smoke in his little back library, one of the detectives from headquarters, Johnson, who knew him of old, dropped in upon him.

He settled to one of Brandon's cigars, then grinned at him complacently.

"Well, what is the trouble now?" asked Brandon. "Nothing more in the assassination way, I hope?"

"Oh, no; nothing like that," his friend replied.

"Perhaps there's no trouble at all," said Brandon.

"How foolish you can talk sometimes," returned Johnson, laughing.

"Well, perhaps it is too simple," said Brandon. With this Johnson shook with laughter.

"And what after all is the matter on hand?" asked Brandon.

"Heard from Berton yet?" Johnson questioned.

"Berton! Who's Berton?" asked Brandon.

"Eh? He hasn't been around?" asked Johnson.

"Nobody by that name has ever entered this office, as well as I can remember," answered Brandon.

"Well, that's funny. Still, I guess you'll hear from him before night," said Johnson.

"Who is the gentleman, Johnson?"

"Why, old John Berton, the banker, of course," replied Johnson.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Brandon. "He's not in trouble with the police?"

"No, not exactly," laughed Johnson. "He's had a robbery at his house, though, and he seems to feel that the force isn't doing what it might in the way of untangling the matter. He got hot this morning, and asked if there was a decent detective in this place—private or otherwise. I thought of you and I told him that there was. I thought you might as well get anything there is in it, if you can."

"And what is there in it?" asked Brandon.

"Five hundred cold cash, if you accomplish what he wants. But you won't, I am sorry to say," replied Johnson.

"And why not?" asked Brandon.

"Because he wants the goods recovered at once, and it can't be done," replied Johnson.

"And that is because——"

"Because the fellow that has them is some hundred miles away by this time," put in Johnson.

Brandon smiled.

"Well, tell a man about it, Johnson."

"Oh, it's just this." The police detective stretched his legs comfortably. "Berton's daughter own—or did own—a necklace of diamonds, just a single string of small stones that didn't amount to much for value as such things go, but which was prized because of its associations. It belonged to her mother, and was worth perhaps four thousand dollars—which isn't much for a man like Berton, of course. Well, it was in Berton's desk yesterday morning and even yesterday noon. Sometime between then and last night a sneak thief walked in and removed it."

"One of the servants, of course," said Brandon.

"Rats! They're all there. I've been through every rag and stick that each of them owns—privately. I'll guarantee that none of them have it, and it certainly isn't in the pawn-shops, nor have any stones answering the descrip-

tion been offered for sale to-day," answered Johnson.

"Were any workmen in the house, then?" asked Brandon.

"Three, and two of them are free from suspicion. An upholsterer was working in that very room yesterday afternoon, about three hours after the theft was discovered. He left for San Francisco last night!" laughed Johnson. "As yet we haven't been able to get track of him, but the police have been informed, of course, and they're waiting for him."

Brandon nodded.

"I went this morning to the shop where he worked, and his boss informed me that this Brown—the upholsterer—had been called West by the illness of his mother," said Johnson. "He was perplexed at the charge and said that it must be a mistake."

"Well, perhaps it is," replied Brandon, thoughtfully.

"It always is," sneered Johnson.

"But you are certain that he has the necklace?" asked Brandon.

"If he hasn't, who has?" asked Johnson.

"Well, why don't you get him?" asked Brandon.

"But Berton doesn't seem to think that these things take time. His daughter is half crazy about the necklace, and he is willing to pay anything imaginable, almost, to have it back. So go ahead," concluded Johnson, with a laugh, "and when you've gathered in the five hundred——"

A violent ringing of the telephone bell interrupted him.

Brandon jumped up from his chair and hurried to answer it.

On his return, his smile aroused Johnson.

"Your recommendations must carry weight, Johnson," he said. "I think I'll offer you a permanent commission to drum up my business hereafter."

"What did he say?" asked Johnson.

"Not for me to reveal professional confidence," Brandon laughed. "However, in view of your services, I may confide that Berton wants me, and in a hurry, too." Johnson rose to go.

"Go along and enjoy yourself, old man," chuckled Johnson, when they parted at the street door. "You find the old man's treasure and return it to him, and I'll give you another five hundred myself, when the good time comes."

"Thanks," replied Brandon. "And thanks for the job, too, Johnson, whether I make anything out of it or not. Good-bye."

About a week afterwards Johnson paid Brandon another visit, and found him occupied very nearly as before.

"Well, I've come to learn how you caught on to the little Jap," said Johnson.

"Simple enough," said Brandon.

"Well, be about and tell me. I'm anxious to know," urged Johnson.

"To begin with, after we parted I boarded a car and began to study over what I already knew about the case," began Brandon. "My conclusions were not altogether hopeful. I couldn't help but think you were nearly right in your idea of the robbery. But I was determined to try. When I reached Berton's doorstep, I looked for anything to happen. The Jap met me at the door and sent word to Berton. He appeared immediately. He told me that he hoped I should do more than you. I told him I would try to fulfill his hopes. The banker led me to the rear of the house to a large library. The fittings were mahogany and leather. The rugs were very elaborate and to tell the truth, I wondered how the loss of a necklace could cause so much disturbance in this house. Berton motioned me to a chair and sat down himself, after closing the door. After a few questions I found that Berton was entirely positive that the upholsterer was innocent. Then I asked him to tell me the whole story. He said that the necklace was usually kept in the inner drawer of the desk. Then he told me that on the day before the theft he had had occasion to open

the drawer and that the necklace was there at that time. On returning that evening he opened the desk, and it had disappeared. This concluded the tale."

"Did the upholsterer know of the necklace?" asked Johnson.

"That is just what I asked, Berton. He said that he was not in the habit of showing it to every one that came to the house."

"Then he did not know it was there?" asked Johnson.

"Certainly not," answered Brandon, frowning.

"But he could have opened the desk, couldn't he?" asked Johnson.

"The desk was locked, you see," said Brandon. "But I found after further questioning that the Japanese butler was just coming out as Berton had entered. It was through this that I learned, indirectly of the theft."

"And how?" questioned Johnson, in bewilderment.

"Just this—the Jap had picked up one of the stones from the necklace off the floor and said that he was just bringing it to Berton, having found it on a small rug by the desk. This led me to ask what the Jap was doing in the room. Berton informed me that he was polishing the brass and irons. The desk was close to these, so it was perfectly natural that a man would see anything sparkling on the floor. Nevertheless, my suspicions were aroused, so I questioned Berton about the little Jap, but he said that he had been with him for over a year and knew little more about him than he did on the day of his arrival. Well, I thought awhile. As you had searched the servants I did not."

"Yes, and I found nothing, too," said Johnson.

"By this time it was getting dark and I spoke of the fact," continued Brandon. "Berton offered to ring for the lights, but I had a match and stood on tip toes and lit the four lights. I then examined the desk and its surroundings to the disgust of Berton. At the time of lighting the lights, I had had much trouble and after pacing the room for some time I asked Berton if the lights had been out of order long. He said that they had for about three weeks. I asked him if he intended having them repaired and he said that he did, that the Jap had informed him that they were very bad. I thought for some time and then asked for a piece of soap."

"Soap!" exclaimed Johnson.

"Yes, I thought maybe I might be able to wash some of the mystery out of the matter," laughed Brandon. "Then I asked Berton to leave the room a moment or two. He looked bewildered, but left, thinking he was leaving a lunatic behind, I suppose, but nevertheless he left. After a half hour, I suppose, I called him back. I was standing there holding the string of diamonds. Of course, as I expected, Berton seemed to have lost self-control for some time. His first thought was to call his daughter. But I was n't ready for the daughter's appearance as yet."

"How on earth did you manage to find it; I am deeply interested, indeed?" questioned Johnson.

"Well, note my questions to the Jap and maybe that will clear a few things up for you," said Brandon. "I asked him if he had come into the room that night. He said that he had. I asked him if he had gone into the room with the idea of polishing the andirons. Again his answer was affirmative, but given with a bewildered look. He seemed very nervous at my questioning."

"Then he took the false key he had and opened the desk. He knew where the necklace was and managed to get it. Being in a hurry, he managed to break off the stone found. Then he thought he heard some one on the floor and not knowing what to do with the diamonds, he slid them down into the gas pipe. Then he gave the one stone to Berton. His purpose was to complain about the lights and he knew Berton would have them repaired, so he decided he would share the proceeds of the necklace with the gas fitter. That could easily be done, you know."

"Well, I don't see how you found it out, yet," said Johnson.

"Three things, my boy," said Brandon. First there was a small trace of polish on the knob of the desk drawer, second there was a scratch on the chair and third, when I lighted the lights, I heard something rattle inside."

"You're great, old chap," exclaimed Johnson.

"The rest you know as it was; then I 'phoned you and police headquarters to come and get the little Jap of Mr. John Berton," grinned Brandon, broadly.

SYBIL SWINERTON, '14.



DICK CRAWFORD.

Saturday the great football game between Harvard and Yale was to be played. Dick Crawford, a tall, board-shouldered fellow, sat in his room the night before the big game and as he thought of his failure to be chosen on the Harvard team, tears came into his eyes. He had been chosen as one of the substitutes, but that did not satisfy him. He had done his best, he had put his whole life and soul in the practicing and had also deprived himself of many luxuries and had declined many invitations to social functions. Had it been worth it? No, seemingly it had not. His good and hard work had been done in vain, but still he was conscious of his ability as a good football player, but the choosing of the players had proved to him that the coach did not think as he did. But why hadn't they chosen him as quarter-back? He knew he could play as well as Jim Beadman, although Jim had had more experience.

His next thought was of Helen. Helen was about eighteen years old, had large blue eyes and light wavy hair, which she wore down her back in curls. Dick and Helen had quarrelled before he had left for Harvard, and he now confessed that it had all been his fault. His first thought was to write an apology. No, he would not do that, for he was too proud. He wondered if she was still offended. He had always loved Helen Nelson, but as she was a girl who never expressed her feelings, he had never been able to learn whether she had really cared for him or not.

Just at this time he heard a number of voices, and before he had time to get up, five of his friends had entered his room.

"Well, Dick, what's the matter with you?" asked Tom Carlington, slipping him on the shoulder. "What's happened? We missed you this evening and we thought we would come up and see what the trouble was. Come down and have a game of cards with us."

As Tom made this last remark a look of disgust went over Dick's face, for cards were the last of his thoughts.

"Ha! Ha! Cheer up, old boy," exclaimed John Reynolds, one of the jolliest boys in school. "Your girl has gone back on you, eh? Tough luck, sure enough, Dick; no wonder you look so down hearted; can hardly blame you, though."

Before Dick could say a word John continued. "But you and your girl will have to fix that up, for you know I'm not a mender of broken hearts."

"Say, Dick, what's the trouble between you and Hayes? Why didn't he choose you to play quarter-back?" asked Bert Colman.

"Not a thing," remarked Dick rather sarcastically, "suppose he thought Beadman could play that part better than I could."

"Oh, fiddlesticks!" exclaimed Tom, "you know yourself that that Beadman kid won't last until the first half is over, for he will be knocked around so, that he won't have his right mind. Dick, you should have been chosen on that team; you would have played Mason, the Yale man, a good, hard game. Well, come on, don't worry so much over it, for everybody in Harvard knows you deserved the place. Probably you can do some good yet, for there is always need of a good sub."

Complying with the wishes of his friends, he went with them downstairs, but could not enter with their spirit in the game of cards they had proposed. Dick's thoughts were out on the football field. He could see Mason coming with the ball, running faster and faster and Beadman was making no attempt to stop him. He felt that if he could have been in Beadman's place, Mason would never have gained as many yards as he had.

Dick was aroused by one of his friends saying, "Come on, fellows, let's give the Harvard yell, for to-morrow we shall see Harvard's colors flying and Yale's colors down."

The yell was given three times and then all the boys retired.

The following day was an ideal one. The sun shone bright and there was a pleasant breeze stirring which made it just cool enough for the football players.

The game was to begin promptly at three o'clock. It was now two-thirty, and crowds had already assembled to witness the big game. The Harvard and Yale teams were out on the field, practicing with the ball, throwing and kicking it from one member of their team to another.

Crawford was dressed in his football suit and as he looked at the boys on the field, a sudden longing came over him. How he wished he could be out on the field. But just as Tom had said, probably he would get a chance at the ball before the game was over.

Among the many spectators, was one whom Dick did not expect to see there. She was Helen Nelson. She had not written him that she was coming and he had no thought of her being present.

It was now three o'clock. The boys of both teams were in their positions, the whistle blew and the game started. Every one was very much excited and many different yells were given for both teams.

The most exciting thing during this first quarter was that a Yale man had almost reached their goal, but was tackled just in time to prevent his reaching the line. Neither side had scored.

The second and third quarters had also ended with neither side gaining a point.

The whistle had blown for the fourth quarter. Both sides were now madened with excitement. This last quarter was to determine the game.

By a quick forward pass, Beadman had got possession of the ball. Now to reach the Harvard goal was his determination. But just as he started to run he was tackled by Mason, who, gaining possession of the ball started for the Yale goal. Now a long yell was given. The Yale colors were flying, but before Mason could realize it, the ball had been taken away from him and was now in the hands of the Harvard team.

In the struggle for the ball Beadman had been seriously injured.

Three minutes later and the game would be over. Beadman could not continue to play and now some one had to take his place. As the coach called "Crawford" a delightful feeling went over Dick and he knew if he would ever get his hands on that ball, a touch-down would be made. As Dick walked out on the field a yell came from the girls and boys who favored Harvard, pennants were waved and there was one yell after another for Crawford. As Dick turned his head towards those who had applauded him, he saw and recognized the one face he longed most to see. There Helen was, smiling and waving a Harvard pennant. He smiled at her, but whether she saw him or not he did not know. He was more determined to win the game for Harvard than he had ever been. He would prove to the Harvard students he could play football. In less than a minute after the coach had called him he was out on the field.

Just a short time and the game would be over. Harvard had the ball now. The full-back on the Yale team had had the ball and in attempting to make a trick play had, by mistake, thrown the ball to Crawford. Dick had the ball and he intended to keep it. Now to get through the Yale line without being stopped was the next thing to be considered. Then instantly he made up his mind to go straight through the line. He had started, but was being pursued by Mason, who was steadily gaining on him. Mason started to tackle him, but Dick dodged him and Mason fell to the ground. Dick had reached the goal safe. A touch-down had been made for Harvard. The captain had just kicked goal when the whistle was blown for the game to stop. Harvard had won the game, the score was seven to nothing and Crawford had been the hero. Many yells arose for Dick and hundreds had come up to congratulate him upon his playing.

Beadman had regained consciousness and he was one of the first to get to Dick.

"Dick, old boy, you are a star; if it hadn't been for you Yale would have won that game. I am glad you took my place for I would never have been able to make that touch-down you made. Every one thought that when Mason started to tackle you, you were a 'gonner.' I could never have done the way you did."

"Oh, Beadman, sure you could," responded Dick. "You played a good game while you were playing. That touchdown was not so hard to make, just took a little running, that's all. You know when it comes to running, well, you can run lots faster than I."

In his heart Dick knew that all he had said to Beadman was not true. He had played a poor game, and as to running, Dick knew he was the better runner. Dick had told Beadman this merely to console him.

One after another of the students came up to Dick. They nearly lifted him off his feet.

Glancing around he saw a little girl coming running toward him, and before he knew it, she had taken both his hands.

"Oh, Dick, Dick," she exclaimed, "you just don't know how proud I am of you. I knew you would win when you were put in the field. I had so much confidence in you." Looking up at him with her big blue eyes, she said rather timidly. "Dick, I am so sorry. Won't you forgive this one time?"

Thinking of how he had offended her, he said, "Forgive you? Well, dear, you are not the one to ask forgiveness. I am the guilty one. I am ashamed of the way I acted toward you and I wish to apologize to you, instead of you to me."

They "made up" in a very short time and I am sure there were no two happier persons on the field.

LUCILE HARDWICK, '14.



DEFEAT OF THE HINDU'S MAGIC.

How the wind blew and the sleet beat against the rattling dinwood pane! All day long that twenty-fourth day of December a cold, drizzling rain had fallen. The drizzle had slowly changed to sleet and the wind had risen.

"Jove, I'd dread to go out a night like this," I thought, as I listened to the shingle which bore the words, "Dr. Voltaire," as it beat against the weather boarding of my small and cozy office.

I attempted again and again to focus my thoughts upon the contents of a ponderous medical volume, but the raging elements on the outside and the roaring grate inside, caused my mind to stray farther and farther away. "Yes," I read, "the presence in the system of any mineral like mercury or lead may cause inflammation in any nerve."

The next moment the wind whistled in a strange falsetto key and the sleet clashed against the little office in an alarming manner.

After this had lasted for a few moments, a footstep, distinct and clear, sounded above the noise of the storm. "I wonder who could be out in a night like this," I thought. "Some poor artisan, I guess. The wealthy of Paris will revel behind thick walls to-night."

I turned toward the window to get a glimpse of the being who could exist in such a storm, when something ethereal and shadowy seemed to come from the safe in the wall. I was amazed, but not frightened, when it took the form of a human figure.

This strange, ghostlike visitor evidently knew his business, for he took up a pen on the desk and proceeded to write. I sat like an Egyptian mummy, for I couldn't move. I confess that I couldn't move from the chair in spite of the fact that I had participated in athletics four years at college.

I was just beginning to think clearly when the form slowly evaporated. I sprang forward and examined the door of the safe. I opened it and found that nothing had been harmed. Then I turned toward the desk upon which lay a sheet of letter paper. Written upon it in a handwriting which I had seen before were the words—"Voltaire:—I am slowly dying of a strange disease. My home is haunted with strange spirits and filled with strange sights. My wife, I believe, is connected with these my teries. She refused to let me call a physician when I became afflicted with this strange malady. I must have medical aid, so I am using mental telepathy, which I studied all my life. For God's sake, come at once. I am dying with my home filled with demons and with a fiendish wife. My servant shall admit you at the south gate exactly at two o'clock to-night. From there you will be—my wife is coming. I shall—"

CARRINGTON."

It took fully a minute to recover from the effects of the letter which had come in such a mysterious way and which was from one I had almost forgotten. Carrington and I had been classmates in the University of Paris. Both of us studied medicine. Carrington's parents were wealthy and thus he lead a reckless and dissipated college life. In spite of this fact he was a deep student of Psychology and had spent much time upon mental telepathy. I had never believed in it, but I was convinced that night and have been a firm believer since.

After graduation, Carrington married the daughter of wealthy parents; erected a magnificent chateau several miles from Paris and settled down to study and write upon his hobby, mental telepathy.

I gave no thought to the storm and the long drive after I read, "I am dying." I hastily put on a fur coat and gloves and pulled a large cap down over my ears. After hitching up the old horse which had helped to save the lives of many patients, I drove off into the storm.

I passed the fashionable part of Paris, through the outskirts, and finally into the open country. For an hour the horse struggled against the winds and rough, frozen roads until finally the lights of Carrington's home greeted me in the distance.

I drove up the avenue of trees to the great stone gate facing the south. By a pocket flashlight, I noted that the time was five minutes till two. My heart was throbbing heavily and I was somewhat nervous and excited.

Far up in a steeple, a clock slowly counted out two. The gate opened. Two servants, heavily clothed, appeared. One took my horse and the other bid me follow him. Before I was led inside, I took time to admire the great mass of stone which loomed in the darkness before me. After conducting me through costly corridors and halls, my escort led me into a magnificently furnished room, which was filled with the nauseating aroma of French cologne. On a couch lay Carrington, whom I immediately recognized.

His sunken eyes, his wasted form, and his gray hair gave signs of atrophy. His hand which I grasped, was nothing but bones and skin.

"Do you feel like talking, Carrington?" I asked in a low tone.

"Can it be you, Voltaire?" came the feeble voice.

"Yes."

"Thank God. I know I have a faithful friend in you. I must——"

"Carrington," I interrupted kindly, "please don't waste your breath on sentiments. Explain the cause of your condition. Begin at the first and omit nothing."

He seemed to understand and taking a long breath he began his story.

"Discord existed between my wife and me from the day of our retirement to this infernal place. My wife, who had always been interested in the Hindu people and their religion, begged me to hire a number of Hindu servants and I did so. About six weeks ago all disappeared. From the night of their disappearance mysterious things have happened. These I will not explain for you will experience them yourself. The nervous strain has been too great. A few months ago I was a young man. I passed from young manhood to middle age, and from middle age to an old man. I did all this in six weeks. I am——"

Carrington came to an abrupt conclusion from sheer exhaustion.

"You had better discontinue your story until some later day," I told him kindly."

"Later day!" he shouted. "I'm dying, I'm dying fast."

I attempted to calm him and administered an opiate, for I immediately saw the nature of his malady. It was a disease known as Raymond's disease, from which there is a decrease of the flow of the blood to the brain. A child having this disease will pass through every stage of life and die of old age in a few months. The extreme of excitement causes the artery which leads to the brain to gradually close. There is no cure for the disease but to stop the irritability. So I gave Carrington an opiate and retired to a room appointed by a servant.

I had scarcely turned out the lights when a rope was thrown over my bed I attempted to rise, but I was tied. A hideous skull glared down at me from the bed post. I knew immediately that is was not supernatural, for spirits don't use sulphur and phosphorus for face powder. This was an interesting fact, for it gave me a clue which I began to consider. My thoughts were interrupted when a wet sheet was thrown over my face. The tumult which followed was so loud that I didn't hear the beautiful phrase which I muttered. During the remainder of the night I reclined in the position in which I was tied and was rescued by a servant the next morning.

On the following night the crowd began to gather early for the holiday ball which Mrs. Carrington insisted on having in spite of her husband's illness. When the orchestra began, I offered Mrs. Carrington my arm. After the first selection was rendered I led her behind the palms and called for some ale.

While waiting for the drink I decided to get the desired information. "Mrs. Carrington," I said, "what makes you look so sleepy and drowsy?"

"I, sleepy and drowsy!" she echoed.

"Yes, you. I don't know what's the matter, but you look as limp as a rag." I leaned over the table and looked right down into her eyes. "Yes, you're getting drowsier and sleepier. Your limbs and muscles are becoming dormant. Every moment your sleep becomes deeper and deeper. You're fast asleep, sound asleep, and dead asleep. You don't feel or hear anything except what I tell you. Sleep on quietly until I awaken you."

Mrs. Carrington had her gaze fixed steadily upon me; her very breath was measured by mine—she was under the influence of hypnotism.

"Now, friend," I hissed, "show or tell me the whole mystery of this infernal chateau."

She took a key from her pocket and unlocked a door carefully concealed by a large painting. For the first time did I realize the thickness of those walls. They were at least five feet thick and were hollow. Live wires ran here and there, thus endangering the life of any who should step inside. I closed the door, which locked automatically, and turned to the woman.

"You shall not remember anything which has happened to-night and if your husband dies you shall die with him."

I gave this most hypnotic suggestion and waved my hand. She awoke and walked toward the ball room in a very unconcerned manner.

Five minutes later I had a carriage on the way to Paris for men, pumps, and a large amount of cayenne pepper and chloroform. Ninety minutes later I had three pumps, which were fastened to the interior of the walls by rubber tubes, stationed in different parts of the house. I put a large negro at each pump and four men at each corridor. I stationed myself in the library and turned out the lights. This was a signal to begin the pumps. I stood there, at least, five minutes, before anything happened. A door opened in the wall and a turbaned figure darted out, holding his hand over his nostrils. As the struggle which occurred over the chateau and our victory is too lengthy to tell, I shall relate Mrs. Carrington's confession. She had been more infatuated with Carrington's wealth than with Carrington himself. Thus she had worked out a plan with the Hindus to bring her husband to a premature grave—and, probably she would have succeeded if he had not known this mysterious power of the human mind.

A week later I sat in my office reading an "Extra," which told of the death of Mrs. Carrington. While going down a street in Paris she had been shot by one of her Hindu servants, who had escaped from prison—shot by one in whom she had placed the most confidence.

MARCUS ALLDREDGE.



THE MANUAL TRAINING SHOP.

A very popular course in the high school is the Manual Training. Some of the boys have taken as many as five courses in this work, and have made many useful articles. The work is so much in demand that the shop is kept open until 5:00 o'clock each evening. One hundred fifty boys have taken work in this shop during the present school year.

Many useful pieces of apparatus have been added, and these add materially to the efficiency of the work.

Twenty-five boys can work at one time and the shop is full most of the time. So many boys wished to take this work during the second semester, that many were denied the privilege because the room was crowded. The boys are enthusiastic in this work, and the results show that the work has been done accurately and carefully.



"COOKING."

Thursday and Friday afternoons of each week are devoted to cooking work. The work includes practical work in the kitchen, a study of relative food values, principles of cooking, care of the home, household economy, etc., etc. The room presents a busy scene when the girls and their teacher are at work.

Additional equipment has been added during the year, and more material will be purchased, as needed. In this work, the plan, from the first, has been to buy the very latest and best equipment whenever anything is purchased. Any one who visits this room will feel that the money has been well spent.

About one hundred twenty girls have taken courses in cooking during the present year. Many persons, some of whom have come from distant cities, have visited the cooking classes. Visitors are always welcome.

The ladies of the Nulli Secundus Literary Club conducted a lecture course during the past winter, and they have donated the net proceeds derived from this course to the school to be used in purchasing needed equipment for the Cooking and Sewing rooms. These ladies have given the sum of one hundred sixty dollars to the school for this purpose. This amount will purchase practically everything now needed in these apartments.



SEWING.

The work in sewing is done on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons of each week. This work is very practical, and includes elementary sewing, advanced sewing, and dressmaking. The girls also study textiles, coloring, cutting, purchasing, etc., etc.

Through the donation of the members of the Nulli Secundus Club, two additional sewing machines have been purchased, and one additional cabinet has been placed in position. This gives us complete equipment for sewing work.

The articles made by these girls are well made, and the girls take much pride in their work.



COMMERCIAL ROOM.

The community is justly proud of its strong commercial course which is offered throughout the full four years. Typewriting, Stenography, Bookkeeping, Commercial Law, Commercial Geography, Commercial Arithmetic and Business English are offered.

It has been planned to purchase new furniture for this room, because it is used so much of the time and the classes are so full.

Four students who have taken the Commercial Course, in full are in this year's class. A large number of the College Preparatory students have taken one or more courses in the Commercial Department.

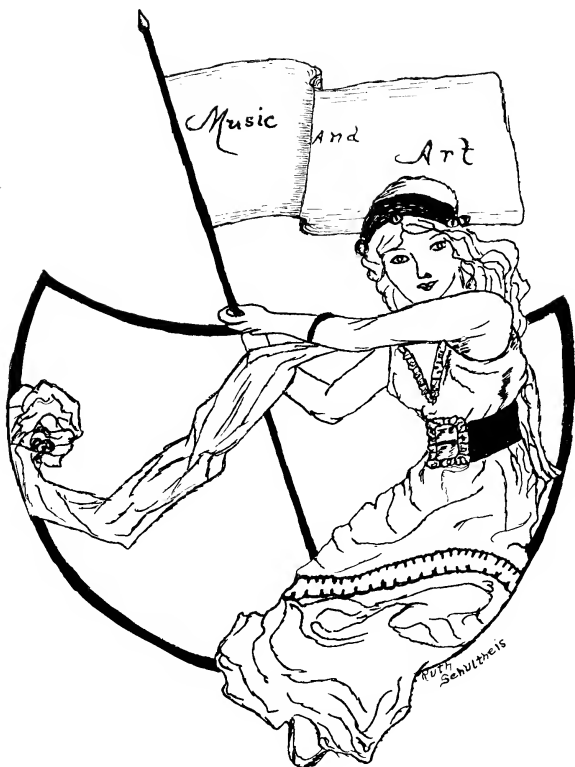


SCIENCE DEPARTMENT.

Probably the greatest change which has been made in any single Department during the past three years has been made in the Science Department. The work has been fully re-organized, additional apparatus has been purchased, and new cases, with locks, have been placed in position.

The Science room presents a very pretty and attractive appearance, and good work is done in all subjects.

The work offered, at the present time, is Agriculture, Botany and Physics. However, plans are now being made to add Horticulture and Physical Geography to the science course.





DRAWING ROOM.



GLEE CLUB.

Top Row—Leona Welborn, Aline Cowen, Florence Pfister, Louise Dexheimer, Lola Tischendorf, Ruth Streeby, Carlana Cowen, Jimmie Butcher, Lella Cordrey, Ruth Hall, Mary Wilsey, Oleva Alldredge, Mary Wilcox, Ruby Allyn, Edith Highman, Anne Follenwilder, Aleen Calvert, Margaret Holton, Margaret Doerr.

Second Row—Eva Highman, Helen Daniel, Mary Stinson, Mary Kreie, Helen Boburg, Nannie Jeffries, Anna Alles, Freda Ries, Mary Weir, Jamia Bailey, Mary Kuhn, Mae Moore.

Third Row—Wilhelmina Jeffries, Hazel O'Neal, Lucile Ludlow, Matilda Hofmann, Cordella Noon, Stella Pfister, Helen Hironimus, Helen Shryock, Hildred Oliver, Jessie Pickels, Mary Black, Myrtle Green, Gussie Sherertz, Ruby Hanes, Fern Bridges, Rachel Harlem, Madeline Forthoffer.

Fourth Row—Helen Rowe, Bessie Shaw, Mi's Dorsey, Director, Leah Suddoth, pianist, Katie Bokelmann, Ella Frick, Iva Duskey, Ruth Schulthels.

"GIRLS' GLEE CLUB."

The "Girls' Glee Club" is a new organization, having been organized under Miss Dorsey's direction, at the first of the school year 1913-'14. It started with a membership of twenty-eight but it has grown until at the present time there are fifty-six members.

The Glee Club is one of the most inspiring features of the school. It appeared on the musical program, given on the night of the debate between Princeton and Mount Vernon, and assisted the eighth grade in the Cantata, "The Fairies Festival." It also sang a number of times for the chapel exercises of the school.

The last and best work of the year, however, was shown in the Operetta, "The Feast of the Little Lanterns," by Paul Bliss. This two act Operetta was especially written for ladies' voices. The scene is a Chinese garden, profusely hung with little lanterns. As the story goes, the ancestral estate of Prince Chan is held in trust until the night of the Feast of the Little lanterns, when it shall be given over to any two surviving children. Princess Chan, having lost her brother and sister when they were all children at play in the mountain summer-home of the Prince, is in great sorrow at the thought of losing her home, which, however, is saved for her.

The principal characters were:

Princess Chan, a Chinese Heiress	Helen Hovey Daniel.
Mai Ku, a Japanese Juggler Maid	Aleen Calvert.
Wee Ling, Maid to the Princess	Helen Rowe
OW Long, Governess to the Princess	Mary Kreie.

Chinese chorus of fifty-two voices



ORCHESTRA.

The High School orchestra is now composed of ten members. Throughout the past years the orchestra has been successful in its work but not until the year "1914", has it gained so much honor and fame for the prompt and regular attendance and the increasing talent and ability of its members. Credit being given for the work gives rise to a greater number of members and a deeper interest in the work. The orchestra furnished music for one number of the lecture course and for the "Senior Play." It assisted in the musical program of the Cantata, "The Fairies' Festival," given by the pupils of the eighth grade. Besides these special occasions, the orchestra has furnished music for chapel exercises a number of times during the year. Since the orchestra of the present year has surpassed that of the past, we hope the orchestra of future years will be more successful than of this, the year "1914."



NEGATIVE TEAM.

Marcus Alldredge, Lloyd Sugg and Oscar Rles, with Paul Hanshoe, as Alternate, defended the negative side of the question. "Resolved, That there should be a graduated Federal income tax in the United States," at Mount Vernon. The vote of the judges was, Mount Vernon, one; Princeton, two.

Henderson, Ky., High School was a member of the Triangular Debating League, but withdrew before the debates were held, leaving only Princeton and Mount Vernon in the League.



Affirmative Team.

Ivan Carson, Eugene Fuhrer and Richard Milner, with Russell Shryock, as Alternate, represented this school at Princeton. The vote of the judges was, one for Mount Vernon and two for Princeton. The subject debated was the same at both Mount Vernon and Princeton.



DEBATING SQUAD—FIRST SEMESTER.

Top Row—Arnold Crowder, Ivan Carson, Wm. Ruminer, Van W. Whiting, Lloyd Sugg.

Second Row—J. Russell Shryock, Richard Miller, Mary E. Smith, Instructor, Eugene Fuhrer, Thayne S. Williams, Paul Hanshoe.

Bottom Row—John Sander, Oscar Ries, Harley Curtis, Marcus Alldredge, Louis Hohstadt.



DEBATING SQUAD—SECOND SEMESTER.

Top Row—Winfred Daws, Louis Hohstadt, Lloyd Sugg, Wm. Ruminer, Ivan McFadden, Louis Alles, Albert Row.

Second Row—Cullen Sugg, Wm Dausman, Eugene Fuhrer, Lloyd Thompson, Thayne S. Williams.

Third Row—Dewey Harris, John Sander, Phillip Rowe, Laslie Utley, Doyle Heironimus, Arthur Barter.

Bottom Row—Floyd Alldredge, Andrew Bokelmann, Wm. Ridenour, Paul Han-shoe, Russel Shryock.

DEBATING.

For the second Semester, two teams were chosen from the above squad and a regular debate was held between the two teams. Almost as much enthusiasm was aroused in this debate as there was at the time of the Triangular (Dual) Debate, during the first Semester. The boys in this squad have worked hard and earned the credit which they received.

The school management feels that much good will come from these debates, and that the contestants will receive much reward, in later life, for their efforts



ELOCUTION.

Top Row—Ruth Hall, Grace Williams, Mary Wilsey, Helen Williams, Karl Schnabel, Lucile Hardwinck, Gladys Rosenbaum, Leah Suddoth.

Second Row—Florence Page, Edith Highman, Helen Hironimus, Helen Shryock, Hildred Oliver, Nellie Son, Jessie Lamb.

Bottom Row—Rachel Harlem, Bessie Shaw, Hazel O'Neal, Helen Boberg, Tillie Handel, Margaret Doerr.

The department of Elocution in the Mt. Vernon High School is one in which the school has made great progress during the past few years. Two years ago it entered the Big Six contest with Evansville, Princeton, Henderson, Washington and Vincennes. Last year at this same meet, the school was represented by Mary Wilsey and third honors were taken. This year the management, realizing the great need of instruction in this line of work, organized a class known as English X, E., with Miss Smith as the instructor. A large class has taken advantage of this, and due to their enthusiasm and earnestness the present outlook is very favorable.



ORATORY.

Top Row—Thayne Williams, J. Russell Shryock, Wm. Rumer, Mary E. Smith, instructor; Marcus Alldredge, Eugene Fuhrer.

Bottom Row—Cullen Sugg, Paul Hanshoe, Philip Rowe.

Much interest is taken in oratory by the students. Regular classes are held, and credit is given for this work. By a series of preliminary contests, the best orator is chosen to represent the school.



DISCUSSION CLASS.

Top Row—Lloyd Sugg, Ivan McFadden, Marcus Alldredge.

Second Row—Paul Hanshoe, Mary E. Smith, instructor.

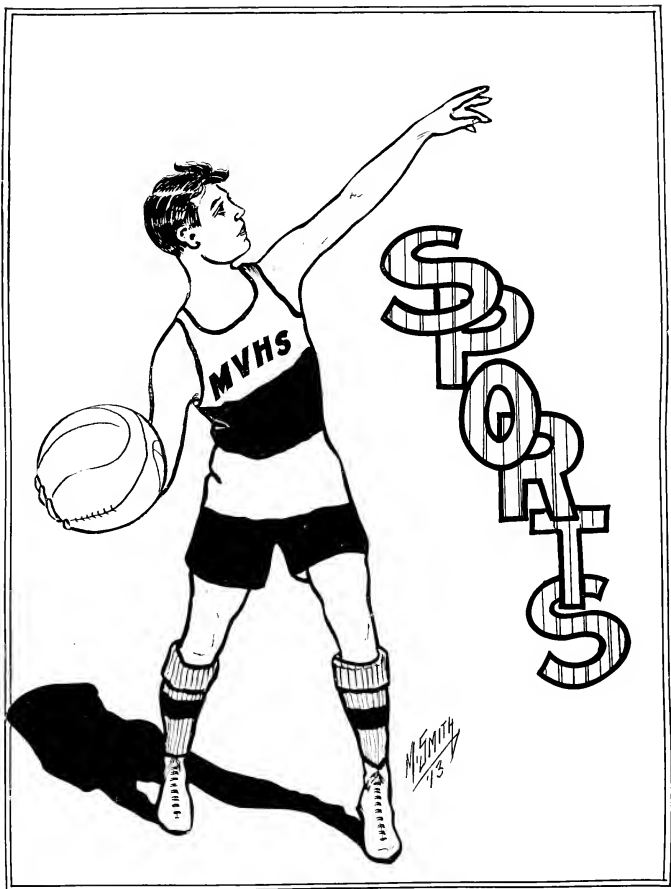
Bottom Row—Thayne Smith Williams, Nellie Son, Eugene Fuhrer.

DISCUSSION.

At an informal meeting held at Indianapolis during the State Teachers' Association, December 23, 1913, it was decided, by the representatives of a number of the leading high schools of the State, to organize a State High School Discussion League and to put it on a practical basis this year. The plan agreed upon was to hold contests by counties and congressional districts and to have the final state contest at Indiana University on May 29, 1914. One representative from each congressional district will compete in the final contest. The subject, or topic, to be used in this discussion and in all the preliminaries and finals, is "A New Constitution for Indiana."

Participation in such discussion is of inestimable value, for it not only gives training in public speaking, promotes logical thinking and independent judgment, but above all, it gives a civic training which will increase the efficiency of our future citizenship.

Through the untiring efforts of our Superintendent and District Chairman, Mr. E. J. Llewellyn, Mt. Vernon High School has taken active part in the league, and from present indications the outlook for our school is indeed, nothing but the brightest.



ATHLETICS.

Owing to many misfortunes, the athletic side of the High School, with the exception of track work, has not been up to the standard set by the school in previous years. This fact is not due to any lack of material or interest in the work of the student body, but rather to unavoidable circumstances.

Early in the school year it was thought best under the existing condition that football be dropped for this year. An athletic association was organized with several members. The association at once prepared an out-door basketball ground. A promising team was soon hard at work and were ready to defend the "Gold and Black" against all comers. After playing a few minor games, in which the team was ever victorious, the team disbanded and answered the school's call for track men.

The excellent showing made by our boys at the Evansville Indoor Track Meet in December last, causes us to view with confidence the athletic events of the future.

The track men of the High School are hard at work preparing for the first meet of the "South Western Athletic and Oratorical Association" to be held at Princeton on May 9. We are confident that Mt. Vernon will be well represented in this as well as past meets, and that our boys will establish at Princeton some long standing records.

The "Dual Meets" to be held with different schools in Southern Indiana this spring will furnish ample practice and experience for our men so that they will be in very good condition on the 9th of May.



INDOOR TRACK.

Top Row—Albert Hermesen, Edson Erwin, Ralph Bush, S. E. Shideler, coach.
Bottom Row—Walter O'Neal, Carl Schnabel, Louis Alles.

"INDOOR TRACK MEET."

Evansville, 1914.

A comparatively few students responded to the call for track men this year. Owing to the condition of the track and the state of the weather, this is not surprising. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, the small squad, under the personal instruction of Mr. Shideler, were soon hard at work and in a short time were making some "enviable out-door" records.

On December 20, 1914, seven athletes, the representatives of this school, headed by Mr. Shideler, boarded the car for Evansville, to be pitted in an all day meet against the largest schools in Southern Indiana.

Owing to the short out-door practice of our boys the school was forced to exclaim, "Well done," when Mt. Vernon won second place in both meet and relay race. The latter was won by Evansville in 1 min. 52 sec., with Mt. Vernon a close second.

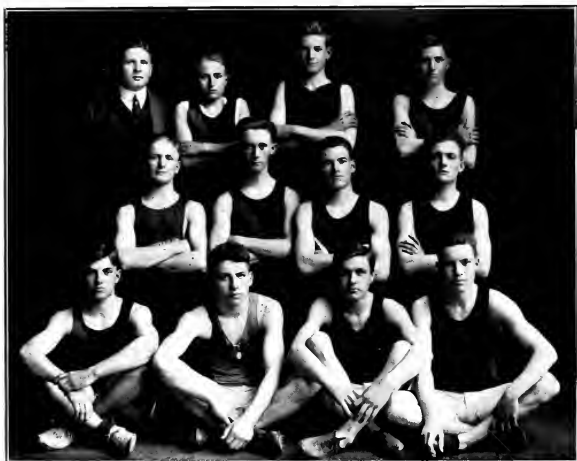
The following are the boys who represented the Mt. Vernon Relay Team: Hermesen, O'Neal, Bush, Schnabel.

Track Team: Schnabel, Busch, O'Neal, Alles, Hermesen, Erwin and Johnson.

Schools participating and order of winning:

1. Evansville
2. Mt. Vernon
3. Vincennes
4. Bedford
5. Rockport
6. Bicknell.

If some folks could see their selves go by, they'd turn around and go back



BIG SIX—1913.

Top Row—Ivan McFadden, Herman Martin, Kenneth Kiltz, Everett Wild.

Middle—Harold Johnson, Joe Duckworth, Sylvanus Utley, John Staples.

Bottom—Charles Hames, Carl Schnabel, Louis Alles, Ralph Bush, Herbert Kettlehut, absent.

"BIG SIX."

Mt. Vernon was well represented at the annual Big Six meet last fall.

Schnabel, a second year man, distinguished himself by easily winning the 220, and finishing second in the 440 yard dash.

Alles, our Freshman long distance man, won great applause in passing both Linton's and Vincennes' millers within 40 yards of the finish and thus securing for Mt. Vernon third place in the mile.

Duckworth, Kiltz, Bush, Utley and Douglas all displayed that mixture of and pluck which has made Mt. Vernon an important factor in Southern Indiana athletics.

Result of meet:

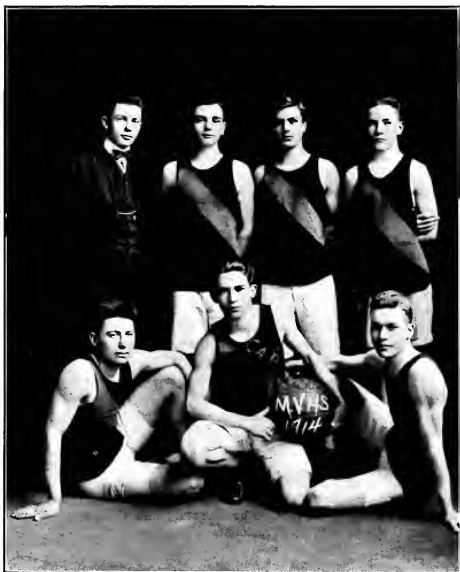
Evansville	53	1-5
Washington	31	1-5
Linton	24	
Vincennes	11	2-5
Mt. Vernon	10	1-5
Princeton	7	

BIG SIX DISSOLVED.

On March 27, 1914, the principals of the different schools composing the "Big Six Athletic and Oratorical Association," met at the Severin Hotel in Indianapolis to consider certain matters in regard to the carrying on of the Association.

After a long discussion, during which no agreement could be reached, it was decided to dissolve the Association. This was done and a resolution, specifying that none of the schools should again combine under the old name, was passed.

On April 4, Principals Wiles of Evansville; McReynolds of Princeton; Newton of Vincennes (proxy) and Shideler of Mt. Vernon, met at Evansville for the purpose of organizing a new Association. It was decided that this Association should be known as the "South Western Indiana Quadrangle Athletic and Oratorical." A new constitution was drawn up, which provided for a successive rotation of meets—the first to be held at Princeton (1914); Vincennes (1915); Mt. Vernon (1916); Evansville (1917). It further provided that the officers of the Association should vary as the location of the meet. The principal where the meet is to be held to be Secretary and Treasurer, the principal where last meet was held to be President.



BASKETBALL.

Standing—Prof. Harry Calvert, coach; Albert Hermesen, guard; Lou's Ailes, guard; Thayne Williams, forward.

Sitting—Carl Schnabel, guard; Walter O'Neal captain, forward; Ralph Bush, center; Streeby, center.



THE ALUMNI

To the Alumni of the M. V. H. S.:

As you read this number of the Hoop Pole it may bring back to you one of those choice segments of past experience which Alumni hold in common and are every ready to renew; it may recall to you the time when you too were happy Seniors of M. V. H. S. with the world before you, when you started out in that untried world with high hope and ambition. Read it often, then, and continue your struggle with new strength; and, if from your experience, you have a word of encouragement or a message of any kind, remember that there is a place in the Hoop Pole reserved for such words or messages.

M. V. H. S. PRESENT.

Gallup, New Mexico, March 15, 1914.

Dear Alumni of M. V. H. S.:

It is with great pleasure that I write something of the scenery, climate, and the Indians of New Mexico. Of course I know more of the country around here than I do of any other part of New Mexico.

Gallup is a mining town, situated at an altitude of 6,800 feet on the west slope of the Rockies. It is composed mostly of foreigners. The school children are Mexican for the most part, then Spanish, Assyrian, Slav, and Italian. Only a small per cent of them are Americans. It was impossible for me to pronounce their names at first and I didn't try to spell them. These Mexican names are the most common: Jesus, Ilario, Guadalupe, Anhil, Amilano, for boys, and Francisca, Rafalita, Lupe and Stepheneta for girls. The most common "surnames" are Gonzales, Appodaca, Backovich, and Radosovich. Their Spanish names are Sedilles, Castillo and Ortiz. These are not pronounced at all as spelled. The children are just like other children, perhaps a little more wild, and the Mexicans dirtier.

The Mexican houses, as well as some of the finest American homes, are made of adobe mud gotten from the hills. The bricks are made of the wet mud and left to dry. These houses are warm in winter and cool in summer. The Mexicans build theirs right on the ground and don't finish them inside, but the better ones are stained in pretty colors.

There is very little grass and only a few flowers and trees. Yet the scenery is beautiful. Instead of seeing a mass of distant trees in all directions, here you see bare hills, and big rocks on all sides. The best way to see the country is to go horseback riding. Horses can be hired for twenty-five cents an hour. You can buy a fine Indian pony for thirty or forty dollars. Almost all the children ride burros, which can be bought for two or three dollars.



There are some very interesting places near Gallup. One is Milk Ranch Canyon, about twelve miles from here. A crowd of us went in a wagon out there for a picnic last fall. We rode for miles over the plains and through the mountains. I saw my first prairie dogs and two coyotes. The men killed rabbits and we cooked dinner over an open fire. After dinner we walked through the canyon, where we could look up and see great rocks on either side of us. We climbed the rocks and came back by the road. We could look for miles over the country. Oh, it was so wonderful!

Another interesting place is "Kit Carson's Cave," about fifteen miles away. Then there are Red Rock and Crown Point, places of beautiful scenery. These trips are best taken on horseback.



And now I must tell you of my first horseback ride. Two couples of us and a chaperon left Gallup at midnight on Saturday night, took the train to Perea, an Indian trading post in the mountains. There were the trading store and station and boarding house, just shacks like you see in picture shows. After breakfast Mr. West-

brook, the Indian trader, had five Indian ponies saddled and we started on our ride. Of course the first thing I did was to bump my head on a beam across the gate coming out of the corral. I couldn't make the horse go and was scared to death, but pretended not to be. After we had ridden a short distance I learned how to sit, and then rode as if I had ridden all my life.



At first we rode over the plains, but we could see the mountains in the distance. Oh, the scenery was wonderful! Then we came to an old Indian trading store about noon. Here we ate our lunch and the trader showed us his curios, old rugs, pieces of pottery, and hides. There were numbers of Indians standing around and we had our pictures taken with them. The trader was an old man who had been at that one post for twenty-five years. He told us a great deal of the history of the Navajos, things I had never heard before. Did you know that the Indians sold their daughters to the highest bidder? He told of one old man seventy years old who was married to a girl of eight. One chief, "Silver Pete Smith (we met him), has a daughter of twenty-five who isn't married yet, as he holds her for a good price. The chiefs are appointed by the Government. There is only one real Indian chief of the old tribe left, Chief Kutoni. The Government supplies each Indian with so many head of sheep and so much land.

By noon we were right on the reservation. We were going to an Indian dance and each Indian we'd meet would tell us it was just a little farther on. We rode right through the mountains, at an altitude of 9,000 feet. I cannot describe the grandeur. The rocks were red, yellow, green, and all colors. We rode along ridges with deep ravines on each side, on the bank of a precipice, crossed ditches, then narrow passes. It began to snow and then to rain, still we kept riding. Finally we came to a big "Hogan," got off and dried our clothes. And never as long as I live will I forget the sight that greeted my eyes when I lifted the little flap to the door. But first I must describe an Indian Hogan. They are circular huts made of adobe mud put together with stone and sticks, having one small opening for a door with a rug hanging over it. There is a hole in the top for the smoke to go through. We passed several that day and went in and took pictures.

Well, there were forty or more Indian men sitting in a circle around the fire. We piled our sweaters and caps in front of the fire and dried them. Mr. Westbrook, the trader, can talk Navajo and he talked to them a little. But they wouldn't talk much, just looked at us and laughed, for they seemed to think we were funny. Every time one of the men would help us on with our sweaters or rubbers, or help us on our horses the Indians laughed, for of course the squaws wait upon them. They asked Mr. Westbrook if we had on trousers, because we wore divided skirts. He told them yes, that was the way women dressed now days. We tried to get them to sing and dance, but they couldn't be persuaded. The dance was to be held that night at nine o'clock. An Indian was sick and they were going to paint him up and dance around him. The Medicine Men were there. Other Indians kept coming in all the time, from miles around in the country.



Well, I never had anything so wonderful to happen to me before. I couldn't realize that I, Jennie Louise Edson, from Indiana, was sitting in an Indian Hogan, with forty men, in New Mexico, way up in the mountains while the rain fell outside, all sheltered by the same fire. I kept wondering where the squaws were. After it stopped raining we walked around and came to another Hogan, where all the squaws and children were cooking supper. There was a great pile of cakes, and they were boiling meat and cooking coffee. Lillian came very near knocking over the coffee pot. The babies were barefooted and it was

cold, too. One squaw, I suppose of a little higher cast than the others, had on a green velvet waist and full brown skirt and wore about ten strings of beads around her neck, just one pendant of turquoise was worth two hundred dollars. She wore a belt made of big silver pieces, set with turquoise, and more pretty rings and bracelets. We tried to get her picture, but it was too dark.

Then we started back and we had to hurry before it got dark. The trail was muddy and slushy, and I was frightened several times going down straight, slippery rocks. Indian ponies are pretty sure footed, though, and we made the worst of it through the mountains before it got dark; but we rode over the plains in pitch darkness, just followed a light for miles.

We were a tired and hungry bunch that dragged in about 9 o'clock. Think of riding more than twenty miles your first trip! Then we took the midnight train for Gallup. It certainly was a great experience. I wish you all might see the beautiful Indian things. I got a lovely silver bracelet set with turquoise, at the trading store. I also have two big Navajo rugs and a trunk mat, a ring, and two pieces of Mexican drawn-work that a friend sent to Old Mexico and got for me. The Navajo's have little money now and sell their Indian rugs and bracelets for almost nothing. I could have gotten a beautiful conch cover the other day for six dollars, and a table runner for two dollars and a half. This is very cheap, for they had at first wanted six dollars for it. They cost more than that in the trading stores. The cheapest way to buy rugs, is to get them from Indians who come to the house to sell them.



You will be interested to know how the Indians dress. The squaws all wear full skirts. The Navajos wear their skirts long and the Zunis wear them short, with their legs bound in white cloth. They wear bright colored waists with strings of beads around their necks. Both men and women comb their hair straight back, arranged in a knot at the back of the head, bound with string. The men wear American clothes, with always a rug wrapped around their shoulders, broad brimmed hats and moccasins. A few have their hair cut short and wear shoes, but they are generally the ones that work around the town. Indians make good servants. There are two very pretty Indian girls here. They are Americanized and dress well. A good many go to the Government schools, but it only makes them discontented to come back to their life in the "Hogan."

There is an Indian school near here called the "Re-ho-both Mission." It consists of the girls' and boys' dormitories and hospital. We have ridden there on horseback.

To-morrow we have a school picnic. I wish you might all go along. We are going to walk about three miles out in the hills. The scenery right here is beautiful, too. I love the big rocks. We walk after school and take our supper, and have picnics every once in a while. The weather is grand, just like spring, and has been almost ever since Christmas. It was pretty cold before then.

There are several trips I want to take before I come home. One is to the petrified forests in Arizona, just sixty-eight miles away. Another is to the McGaffey Lumber Camp up in the mountains, at an altitude of eleven thousand feet. We intend to make that soon, some Saturday or Sunday. My! I won't be content with auto rides when I come home. I'm afraid it will be tame. Ha, ha. I like Indian ponies.

Well, I can't think what else to write, there is so much. Oh, yes, there are fine coal mines around here and a big brick plant. There is something doing here all the time, nice dances, entertainments given by the Santa Fe for its employers, like the lecture course, parties, picnics and rides before school work.

Hoping that you may be so interested you will all want to come west, where you are truly alive, I am,

Your old friend and classmate,

JENNIE LOUISE EDSON.

CLASS OF 1911—FIRST TO HOLD REUNION.

The class of 1911, with the view of organizing an Alumni Association, held its first annual reunion at the home of Miss Florence Zergiebel, on Feb. 14, 1914.

Of the thirty members of the class, the following were present: Nellie Blue, Clarence Crunk, Wm. R. Dexheimer, Polly Erkin (Stickles), F. C. Espenlaub, Raymond Johnson, Louis D. Keck, Geo. W. Krele, Marguerite Kreutzinger, Irving Morlock, Alfred Oschman, Wm. E. Riecken, Lester G. Rowe, Erskine Utley, Edwin Wade, Jr., Luella Whipple, Faye Whiting, Cyril Williams, Florence Zergiebel.

They entertained as their guests the three remaining members of the 1911 faculty, Miss Lydia Wall, Prof. G. E. Behrens and Mrs. C. T. Johnson, Jr.

The early part of the evening was spent in renewing "auld acquaintances," during which time a short program was rendered. The regrets of the following absent members and teachers were read and turned over to the secretary: Prof. F. E. Calahan, Supt of Public Schools, Cavalier, N. D., sent regards and best wishes to the class and his many friends here. He stated that they had a cool snap there, only 32 degrees below zero. Prof. Edw. Daniels had given up the profession and had met with success in the live stock trade at Columbia, Ind. Bert H. Barter, employed in the office of the City Engineer of Cairo, drank a toast to the class at 10 o'clock on the eve of the banquet. A toast was given Mr. Barter by the class at that hour. Philip A. Haas, a non-commissioned officer of the steamship Henley (U. S. Navy), which lay in the harbor at Cuba, commended the class to the especial care of Budha. Chas. Mott Rhein, a student of dentistry in Denver, proclaimed dentistry the greatest of all professions and asked the signatures of each member of the class. These were written on a menu card and mailed to Mr. Rhein. Miss Patricia Wolf, a student of I. U., found it impossible to attend. Miss Ray Jones sent regrets.

Later in the evening, a six-course luncheon was served in the parlors, which were artistically decorated in the class colors, purple and white. Streamers of hearts fell from the chandelier to the class pennants, which were fastened to the walls. Purple and white candles in huge candelabra cast their light upon the table strewn with ferns and white carnations, the class flower.

Toasts were given in response to remarks by Toastmaster Wm. R. Dexheimer regarding a permanent alumni association. The following menu was served:

MENU.

Oyster Cocktail.				
Potage au Tomatoes	Olives	Celery	Sweet Pickles	
Salade d'Oranges		Trifles		
Roast Turkey	Creamed Potatoes	Sauce au Aïreilles Rouges		
Huitres au Gratin		French Peas in Patties		
Salade a la Reine	Paine Americaine Simple			
Ice	Mints	Nuts	Genevoise	
Coffee	Tea	Cigars		

The 1911 class again show their progressiveness as members of the Mt. Vernon High School by holding a reunion. Among the records, the following forward movements are considered noteworthy:

Establishment of a Senior Class Play.

Large donation of funds for Reference Books.

Donation of picture—"Choosing of Caskets," to assembly room.

Donation of bust—"Lincoln," by class members, (Cyril Williams, Lester G. Rowe, Wm. F. Bautz, Wm. Dexheimer, L. D. Keck.)

The 1911 class now stands ready to further a movement for the re-organization of the Alumni Association which existed here some years back, the last meeting of that body being held in 1896.

COMMITTEE 1911 CLASS.



WHEN THE POSTMAN PASSED BILL UP.

The Sunday before St. Valentine's Day was destined to be a red letter day for a certain group of students. With such a motley array of characters as these assembled under one roof, there is little wonder that strange things came to pass. The "Bunch" proper consisted of only five, four students, and a young "authority on haberdashery and styles." The temple of the haberdashery oracle was a clothing store, and the oracle himself was a personage, far more interesting than the Greek lady of history. He was Irish, and employed his native wit almost exclusively in humiliating and annihilating over-exuberant freshmen, and so proficient was he, that they hated him worse than Mathematics. His real name was McOnly, but he was known as "Red," "Irish" "Mac" or "Shorty," any of which titles was applied to him indiscriminately. Mac and two brothers, Junior Higgins and Freshman Higgins, lived in two downstairs rooms. Junior Higgins bore the more practicable name, "Skinny," and was just a common, ordinary jolly good fellow, whereas his brother, who was dubbed the "Johnston Jewel," possessed an artistic temperament. One whole side of his room was plastered up with "Art," and every day or two, the postman brought him some cultural magazine or other. Besides,—he sang! Every morning his operatic wailings quavered through the lower hall, and he wasn't content to sing, "Hail, hail, the gang's all here," or some sensible song, but needs must render "Lucia" or "Il Trovatore." One might suppose that such an artistic soul would have been held in awe, but quite the contrary, the barbarous alluded to his moods of melody as "spells," and even asked him to carry in coal! The other two inhabitants of the Flats, as the boys called their rooming-house, were Bill Mason and Reeves, his freshman room-mate. Reeves was cursed with a rare complexion, brown eyes with appropriate lashes, and hair soft and fluffy—really becoming, except the time when the soph's clipped it. Because of these qualities, he bore the appendage "Lizzie." A sixth member of the circle was Highbrow. Highbrow did not room at the Flats, but just dropped in occasionally, when a card game was in sight. There is no mystery to his re-christening: what else could you call a man who pulls "A's" in physics, and aspires to be president of Harvard!

Yes, this Sunday was destined to be a red letter day. The whole day had an ominous air about it, especially for Mason. First of all, the room was warm when he got up! Such a state of affairs was unprecedented in the history of his stay in that house, and he ought to have taken warning. However, he was in great spirits, procured some snow from the roof, and distributed it over the physiognomy of his sleeping room-mate. Another noteworthy incident was the fact that the Higgins boys got up at eight, instead of ten-thirty, as was their usual custom! And Reeves attended two church services in that one day!

In the afternoon, Mason went down to the Kennel. The Kennel was the downstairs study, a big, barny room; its only redeeming feature being a fireplace. An open fire is always more cheerful than a hot air register, especially, if the register sometimes spouts cold air, so the big room was a popular loafing place despite the Jewel's art treasures, and Red's dusty pipes, and dilapidated tobacco cans. It was called the Kennel, because Shorty had a pup which he kept cooped in the room. At this time, "Skinny" was reading, his brother was investigating Renaissance door-steps, or Gothic window-panes, or something equally fascinating, and Highbrow was watching Red, who was rummaging through some old post cards, and had some drawing materials spread out before him. Reeves was amusing himself in his customary manner—tormenting others.

"What are you doin', Red?"

"Oh, I'm gonna make a picture. Tell me something to make, Bill."

"I don't know anything,—say, do you guys know what they had for refreshments at the Freshman Smoker?"

"No, what was it?"

"Milk! Appropriate, I'd say!"

"I'd say it was," was the general opinion.

Of course all this was said for the benefit of the Freshman. But now Bill brought the conversation back to the picture.

"Say, Shorty, I'll tell you,—make a Valentine!"

"All right!"

After a minute or two's search, McConly stumbled upon an "idea." He found a card which portrayed a Dutch boy in the throes of profoundest dejection. His saucer-eyes showed a hopeless despair, and his mouth was set tensely, as if life held no joy for him. Pointing to the card, and cocking his head at the taller man, his eyes radiating mischief, Red said, "See that picture? I'm gonna copy that, and send it to your girl. It's to represent the expression on the face of one Wm. Henry Mason, when he doesn't get any mail from Bainsburg!"

"What do you think about that, Bill? Purty cute, huh?"

"Yes, purty chte,—just about as cute as feedin' the pup canned salmon! That is, it'd be cute, if you sent it."

"Why shouldn't we send it?"

"Because I don't want you to, that's why."

Everybody laughed at this sinister threat, because everybody knew that he wouldn't hurt anybody, even if he did show his teeth, and twitch his nose in an ominous manner while his bob-tailed pompadour bristled ferociously. So the work of copying the gloomy gentleman proceeded, someone continually reassuring the victim that "they'd sure send it."

"Well, somebody'd better look out, that's all I got to say."

"Now, look here, Bill,—what do you care? What's your reason for kick-in'? She won't get mad, will she?"

"No, but——"

"But what?"

"Her parents might."

"Oh, I see,—I appreciate the circumstances," was Red's consoling remark.

"Besides I don't look that way—you guys never did see me look that way!"

"Oh, Bill, the dickens you don't. How about the time one of 'em went down to Fifth Street, instead of Fourth, and you didn't get it for three days? We all thought it'd soon be time for the stars in your crown."

"That was a hard week on me," sighed the limpid-eyed Freshman.

"Say, fellows," exclaimed Highbrow, with the air of having made a great discovery, "that's the first thing Lizzie's said in four minutes and a half; I timed him!"

All that this announcement elicited was a look of consternation, of intensest incredulity. Mason was the first to recover his senses.

"Ahem, er——, Highbrow, although we know you to be a man of 'impeccable' veracity, we can't believe that. That's just as impossible as it is for Red to keep from fallin' in love."

"The picture goes," declared the injured man.

"Do tell," returned the Sophomore, leaning against the mantle and squinting up at the cobwebs, with a superior air. "Why, you don't even know the girl's name."

"Kildone, ya, ya, ya!"

"Hnh, lots of Kildones in Bainsburg. Many Kildones up around Bainsburg as there are dates on no-date nights. You don't know her first name nor her street number."

"Freshman, what's her first name?" demanded McConly, turning on Reeves.

"Mary. You don't need any street address in our town." The inconvenience of having a room-mate from one's own town!

Gazing at his finished masterpiece, the artist said, "That's too good to give away. I'll label it "When the postman passed Bill up."

The next Wednesday, when Mason came from his eight o'clock class, he found the landlady giving his room a long-delayed cleaning. Not wishing to disturb the rites of expurgation, he went down to the Kennel. He had just settled down to his French, when his eye happened to rest—where the Dutch boy ought to be. But it wasn't there!

"Why, thoe,——aw, they've hid that picture; they're trying to scare me. I should worry!"

At dinner he accused the fellows of having hid the picture. They in turn accused him of having "swiped" it. "Yes, you're afraid we wouldn't send it, so you sent it yourself," was Lizzie's solution.

"Oh, yes, I am likely to have done it. I'm that sort of a fellow, ain't I? Has there ever been anything in my conduct to warrant such accusation?"

Each of the four men avowed the profoundest ignorance regarding the mysterious disappearance. Red strengthened his case by saying, "Bill, you know I wouldn't send that up there, to get you in bad."

"Aw, you're all pernicious prevaricators; that picture's in the front room. But if you sent it,—if you did——!" an expressive shake of the head completed the sentence.

Saturday the postman was inexcusably late. And mind you, Mason's regular Friday letter hadn't come yet! A portrait of his inner feelings would have resembled the expression on the gaudy Dutch boy's face. He had given up hope, when the tardy postman at last ambled down the street with his LETTER. He had barely read the first line, when he roared in a voice in which anger, surprise and amusement were blended, "Daggone that runty Irishman."

What's the matter?" inquired Reeves, innocently.

"Matter—you know what's the matter, but I'll read this to you just the same. 'I have had something to occupy my mind these past few days. I think you know as much about it as I do, because I think you wrote the thing. It's a very formal letter, saying that on the fourteenth day of February I shall receive a picture representing the expression on the face of one Wm. Henry Mason, when he doesn't get a particular letter from Bainsburg?'"

Mason was too excited to work any more. At supper he bombarded McCully with vivid and soulful epithets.

"And the worst part about it is, she accuses me of having written the thing:"

"Why, Bill, you ought to feel flattered that she attributed that masterpiece to your brain."

"Huh, if my comprehensive mentality couldn't conceive and compose anything better than the mediocre meanderings of your atrophied mental mechanism, I'd——. Aw, fellows, you see what a position I'm in,—I can't do anything. Skinny has only one eye and the rest are mental deficients."

The next week, the conspirators were evidently more interested in Mason's mail than Mason was himself. They were impatient to see what SHE would say about the picture. Every morning and afternoon they would rush to Bill, to see if the letter had not come.

"I'm not gonna get any more letters, I tell you," the interviewed man replied to all questions. Indeed, this prediction seemed true, for three weeks passed, and no one ever saw one of the familiar letters or the radiant smile, which their recipient wore every Tuesday and Friday.

One evening all but Mason were assembled in the Kennel. Red began the topic which concerned them most.

"What do you think about this, anyway? Do you think she's really quit writin'?"

"Naw," retorted Highbrow. "Course not. She's not sore. Any girl'd be tickled to death to get a picture like that. I'll bet he gets those letters, and he doesn't say anything about them."

"But look here, Highbrow, he looks like he's all in. He hasn't even said one sarcastic word in two weeks. I tell you that boy's sick!"

"I'm here most always when Al comes and I haven't seen any letters."

"Yes," was Skinny's verdict, "he's sick."

"It's the pie. I knew two pieces a day'd get his goat." Highbrow and Mason had made an agreement, whereby Mason got Highbrow's pie every Jay, and gave him his ice cream on Sunday.

"No, sir," declared Skinny. "I'll tell you how I know. The other evening when I came back from supper, he was sittin' here before the fire,—didn't have any light turned on—and was humming the "Ro-ary!"

Highbrow submitted, "Gosh, if he's that nutty, I guess you're right!"

Mason's absence the following evening, gave Reeves a chance to make a grave announcement. "Say, guys, listen to this, it's from my sister, 'Grace,' that's Mary Kildone's sister, 'told me that Mary and Bill had split up over some crazy Valentine or something. He's written her five letters but she won't answer.'"

His subsequent remarks were broken off by the entrance of Mason himself. Skinny solicitously gave him his chair, and after an embarrassing silence, Red took the matter in hand.

"Well, Billy, it seems that we kinder got you in bad, so to speak."

"Has that just penetrated the hazy empyne s of your consciousness?"

"Whatever that means,—I guess so. But we're sorry—we didn't think—"

"I didn't expect the impossible, Red. But really, fellows, I don't blame you—you didn't think she'd get mad; neither did I. But you can't tell what a woman'll do. Just a general misunderstanding,—couldn't be helped."

"Do you reckon if we'd—if we—er—say we'd, you know, write a nice letter, tellin' her, you know, that it was just an innocent little joke,—apologize and all that——"

"It might help, but——"

Four days later Bill Mason came to dinner, a transformed man. He was so happy that he ate beans as if they were a rare delicacy. When the "Bunch" had returned to the Kennel, he extracted a dainty letter from his pocket, and read: "Our joke certainly worked. I got a letter of apology this morning. It's rich! It is the quintessence of humility, and all clogged up with gobs of penitence. They sure fell for it."

Then he produced six similar letters of recent dates.

"How's come we didn't see you get those letters?"

"Ah, it's a deep, dark mystery, me lads. You forget that I meet Al every day on my way home from laboratory or class! I wish to thank you, gentlemen, for the kind solicitude you have so gratuitously displayed, and the strenuous efforts to reinstate me in the favor of the—er, the postman!"

WILL MAURER, '12.



Before I tell this story I feel I owe it to myself to make an explanation, else some readers would likely think me a prey to a too vivid imagination and the habit of dreaming. It is then in justice to myself and to the real donor of this tale that I beg to announce that it is not the product of my fertile brain but came to me directly from the life of a highly esteemed and truthful person, the same being no other than Old Daddy Price of the "Corners."

Daddy Price keeps the store and post office at the "Corners." The Corners is a junction of two wagon roads in the midst of the Cumberland Mountains of Middle Tennessee where I and two companions had gone for a week's turkey shooting. One evening our larder being empty I went to the Corners to replenish it, and that is how I came by the story.

Once at the Corners, the temptation of the soap box stools was too great for me and I took a seat and engaged Old Daddy in a yarn swapping conversation. Presently our talk was interrupted by a customer who proved to be the source of this tale.

He was one of those men whom it is of no use trying to describe, one whose appearance is not essentially different from other men, yet possessing a personality which stands out and demands attention. Aside from his white hair and beard which he wore very long, he was at first sight not very different from the average native of the Cumberlands, but at the second glance there was something that marked him as different. His demeanor, too, set him off as a man whose unusual past had made him different from his fellows. Something in his deep, dark eyes suggested a life of sorrow and constant brooding.

After making a few purchases without speaking a half dozen words, he left the store and disappeared up the trail, leading toward Eagle Cliff. When he was gone I questioned old Daddy as to his name, business and past life. At first the old storekeeper hesitated but after a little coaxing he told me the story which for the sake of brevity and for the want of a proper glossary, I will attempt to translate into the English used out of the Cumberlands.

"It's a long story, stranger, and not many know it, but I have lived here at the Corners sixty years and more, and few things have happened around here that I do not know something of.

"I remember the first time I saw him. He was younger looking then, and a different man. He came from the city up here to hunt, as you have. There were deer here then and plenty of them. Well he and his party (there were three or four of them) camped over toward Eagle Cliff on Spring Creek. It happened one evening that he strayed away from the rest of the party, after a stag which he had wounded, and at night fall found himself lost. Presently he heard the tinkle of a cow bell and taking the direction from which it came he came upon Vick Colquitt's cabin.

"He was a likely lad and Vick took a liking to him. The next morning he went back to camp with him and from then on served as a guide for the party besides keeping the camp in liquor from his "still."

"Old Vick had a daughter, a regular little wood nymph she was and pretty as women get. Yellow hair she had and blue eyes, sparkling as the waters of the mountain streams she played beside. Her figure was slender yet well made. She was as agile as a catamount, yet as dainty as a fawn. All that has ever been said of the beautiful she was and more besides. She was little more than a child in the eyes of the stranger on his first visit, but her beauty appealed to him. No thought of love entered his mind, but to her he was the embodiment of all things great and good, and in those few days' time she had grown to love him with all her childish heart.

"The time came when he had to go back to his world and he bade old Vick and the girl good-bye, promising to come back in the spring to fish.

"To no one was that winter longer and duller than to little Mary Lou, who hovered 'round the great fireplace anxiously waiting the return of the man to whom she had so impetuously given her heart. How she watched the approach of spring! In what a fever of expectancy she was when she heard the first blue-bird! How she watched the streams for signs of trout!

"Poor foolish little Mary Lou! Few spent a more delightful winter than her young sportsman in a gay city, with all the opportunities that wealth, culture, and social standing afford. But with the approach of spring he felt the fever in his veins and longed for the leaping trout streams of the mountains, and true to his promise, arrived alone at the home of Old Vick one evening. This time he stayed at old Vick's cabin and oh, what an eventful outing it was! Fishing was good and the sweet pure freedom of the hills and pretty little Mary Lou and all gave added source to the joy of living. To Mary Lou, too it was a period of unalloyed, unexpressable joy, for what tongue or pen can express the joy of a pure maiden's love? Time flew swiftly by, and soon the young man was forced to leave again to go back to his world; a cultured world where there were no leaping trout streams, nor pretty mountain lassies. This time he would gladly have stayed the whole summer, but he knew his friends expected him and he felt duty bound to sacrifice his own wishes for the customs and ideas instilled in him.

"When he again took leave of the mountain, Mary Lou looked longingly after him, for she was fast growing into a woman and the woman's love demanded love in return, and in all his stay, there had been no word of love spoken. The man felt strange pangs at parting. He knew himself to be in love with Mary Lou and guessed she loved him in return but that fact, the one which should have caused his heart to leap exultantly, cost him his first real heart-ache. That he should marry the mountain girl never crossed his mind. That to him would have seemed impossible. Did he not come from one of the oldest and most aristocratic families of his beloved Dixie? No, he could never marry a mountain girl, though she were a Venus of beauty and a paragon of virtue. So deeply were his ideas trained and bred into him that he did not even think of the natural way to ease his heartache.

"As time passed the man became moody. Still holding to his inbred notions, he became restless and surly, nursing within him a hatred for the whole world. At last he could stand it no longer and disappeared without warning from the circle in which he was known. He went to the cabin of Old Vick to find happiness and love now at the cost of his very all. He would start anew and begin life over again in the mountains. But he was too late, poor little Mary Lou could not stand the incessant heartache. Gradually the roses faded from her cheeks and the sparkle disappeared from her eyes. She grew tired of living and as a result her splendid body began to decline and a dreaded disease found work to do.

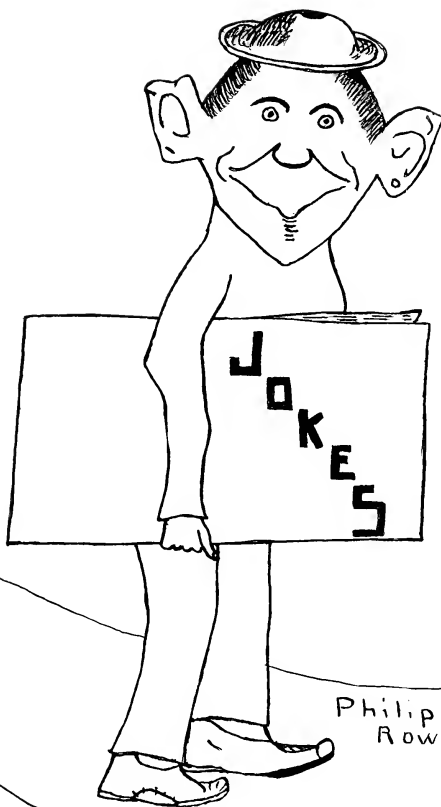
"When the man came she was lying on a couch very weak. The change in her horrified him and his heartache grew, for he knew he was responsible for it. He waited on her tenderly, hardly leaving the bed side but it was all of no avail.

"Little Mary Lou was happy, but she knew she would soon leave him. It was on a beautiful day in autumn when she passed away. Like the first day he saw her he thought. Oh, how he rued the day but it was all too late.

"They buried her on a little knoll and he builded him a cabin overlooking it. Since then he has never left the mountains and his hair has grown snow white. Some say he is mad but I think not. Anyway 'tis a hard line to draw between insanity and the sanest sanity."

So ended Old Daddy's story and I have often thought of it and of his last statement.

LEMUEL PHILLIPS, '13.



Philip
Rowe.

Mr. Behrens: "Ivan, what does 9-5 of 0 equal?"

Ivan McFadden: "One hundred and eighty."

Mr. Stinnett: "What is velocity, Charles?"

Charles: "Velocity is what a fellow lets go of a wasp with."

Ivan McFadden to Walter O'Neal: "How do you reduce grains to tons?"

Miss Hale (in Latin VI.): "Lloyd, what is the Latin word for touch, impress or affect?"

Lloyd Sugg (thinking over the dance of the night before): "Tango."

Miss Smith: "Use the word gruesome in a sentence, Willie Finn."

Willie Finn: "Ivan McFadden quit shaving and grew some mustache."

Miss Prenzel (in English VI.): "Harley, this great man about whom we have been reading is called an unconscious humorist. What is an unconscious humorist?"

Harley Curtis: "A joker that's fainted away."

Mr. Shideler (to Ancient History Class): "What were the principal military events in the reign of Claudius Caesar?"

Precocious Crowder Boy: "He had four wives."

Mr. Shideler (hearing the American History lesson): "Turning to Richard Miller he said, 'Richard, what was Washington's Farewell Address?'"

Richard: "Heaven."

Mr. Shideler (in Civics): "Frank, don't you think it would be a good thing if our legislators were limited to one term?"

Frank Grant: "It would depend on where the term was to be served."

Miss Wall (in Commercial Geography Class): "Dewey Harris, where is Horse Flesh used?"

Dewey Harris: "In France. They use it for consumption."

Miss Wall: "Where did you find that Dewey?"

Dewey: "In the book." (This is what Dewey really found: "There is a small consumption of Horse Flesh in France.")

Mr. Stinnett: "Animals frequently become attached to people, but plants never do."

"How about burrs?" asked Arnolus Needle.

Mr. Stinnett (in Agriculture): "What animal makes the closest approach to man, Earnest?"

Ernest Perkins: "The Flea."

Mr. Shideler (in History IV.): "Give three important illustrations of the power of the press."

Henry Hanner: "Cider, Courtship and Politics."

President Marcus Alldredge makes the following distinction between a pessimist and an optimist: "The pessimist Fletcherizes his quinine pills. The optimist gets treed by a bear and enjoys the view."

Ralph Rush, not much in sympathy with the high toned musical entertainments, took Leah Suddoth to hear a big orchestra.

"What's that they are playing?" he asked as they walked down the aisle a trifle late.

"That's the Ninth Symphony," she replied.

"Well, thank heaven," said Ralph, "we missed eight of them anyhow."

Clifford Merchanthouse—drug clerk: "Did you kill any moths with those moth balls I gave you?"

Disconsolate Consumer: "No I tried for five hours, but I couldn't hit a one."

Eugene Fuhrer. "Say, Cullen, give me a bite of your candy, will you?"

Cullen Sugg: "No I won't! With the income tax and the tariff uncertainty, I'm obliged to retrench on my charities."

A Freshman (Arnolus Reedle) approached the post office stamp window. "How much postage will this require?" he asked. "It is one of my manuscripts."

"Two cents an ounce," smiled the clerk. "That's first class matter."

"Oh thank you!" replied Arnolus.

As Van Whiting and Floyd Douglas were on a traction car for Evansville a very slender but pretty girl entered the car and managed to seat herself between the two. Presently a portly colored mammy entered the car and the pretty miss, thinking to humiliate the two for their lack of gallantry, arose.

"Auntie," she said, with a wave of her hand toward the place she had just vacated, "take my seat."

"Thank you, missy," replied the colored woman smiling broadly, "but which gen'man's lap was you sittin' on?"

Van Whiting (in English VII.): "Lucifer and his followers were cast headlong from Heaven—for nine days and nights they fell through empty chaos into a space hollowed out to receive them, and that was Hell."

Ruth: "I told Edith that her face was made up horribly."

Louise: "What did she do?"

Ruth: "She changed countenance."

Mr. Shideler: "Claude, why did John knock you down?"

Claude: "Because he is bigger than I am, I guess."

Thayne: "I was so embarrassed while practicing for the play."

Aleen: "Why?"

Thayne: "Because I didn't smoke."

Aleen: "Why didn't you tell them that your doctor forbids it?"

A MUCH NEEDED COURSE.

Miss Smith: "What position did Longfellow hold at Harvard?"

Fred Walker: "He was Professor of Moderate Language."

"Woman, you are undone!" hissed Van Whiting behind the scenes at the Class Play."

"Oh, where?" cried Leah, trying to get a look at the back of her dress.



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EVANSVILLE
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To the Class of 1915, Mt. Vernon, (Indiana),
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Walpole says:

"Men are often capable of greater things than they perform. They are sent into this world with bills of credit and seldom draw to their full extent."

Some of your drafts will be ambition, enthusiasm, initiative, perseverance, concentration, industry, endurance--for through these comes your accomplishment and according to the degree in which you draw, success will be yours.

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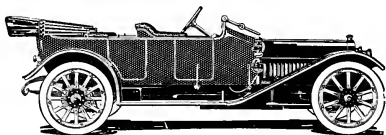
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Make the appointment early.



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Grand as our efforts were in the past years; we believe you will readily conclude that this is unquestionably the grandest exposition of authoritative styles we have ever shown.

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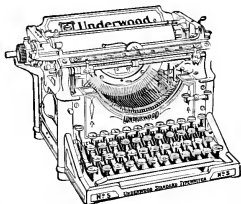
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Selection and quality the best
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Once, when asked what was the turning point in his career, he replied: "The time when I began to save what I earned at the gold fields—thrift and economy had much to do with my success."

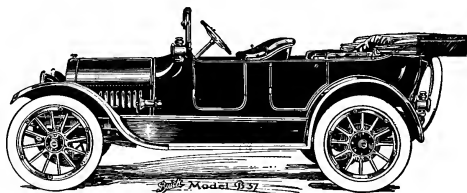
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